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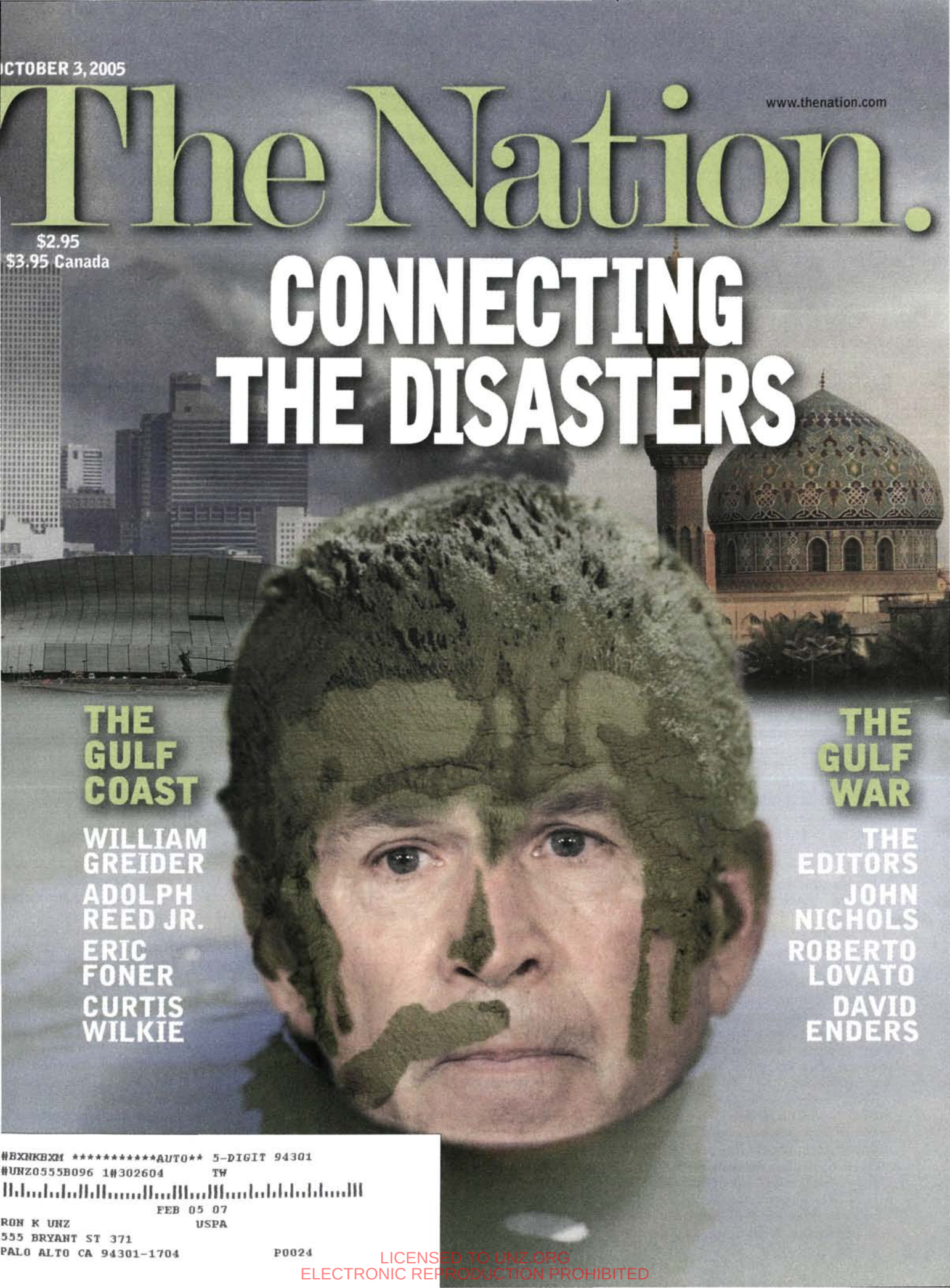

THE GULF COAST

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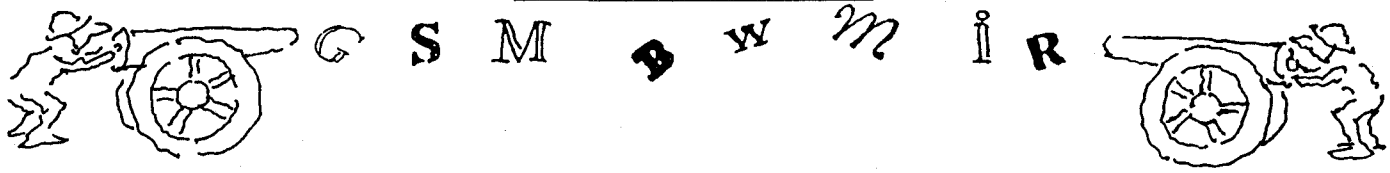

R. O. BLECHMAN

Sex & the Single Reporter

New York City

■ Thank you for Debbie Nathan's "Oversexed" [Aug. 29/Sept. 5], on human trafficking. She presented a balanced and rational view of a phenomenon that has been wracked by sensational presentation and used for political ends. Trafficked people are disserved by sensational depictions of their plight: Women are presumed to be sexualized victims, while trafficked men and women not in the sex industry—building our houses, picking our food and sewing our clothing—are rendered invisible.

In New York City, anti-trafficking funds given to law enforcement are spent almost exclusively on the vice squad, practically precluding any discovery of trafficking outside the sex industry, despite the fact that what may have been the largest trafficking case here involved deaf peddlers. Nathan clearly illustrates the inherent problems of neglecting the large number of industries into which workers are trafficked.

MELISSA DITMORE, *Research Fellow*
Center for the Study of Women and Society

Washington, DC

■ Debbie Nathan and *The Nation* deserve praise for spotlighting the issue of modern-day slavery. What is puzzling is the criticism of the Administration for allegedly focusing on sex trafficking at the expense of forced-labor trafficking. There is ample evidence that sex trafficking is the largest category of modern-day slavery in most countries, including our own. Your criticism comes despite the State Department's recent Trafficking in Persons (TIP) report, which clearly focuses on forced-labor trafficking as well as sex trafficking worldwide. Of the fourteen countries placed on Tier 3 (the lowest ranking) on the 2005 TIP report, six countries (Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, UAE, Qatar, North Korea and Burma) earned this poor ranking primarily for trafficking for the purpose of labor exploitation.

Also disturbing is the article's sympathetic treatment of prostitution as "sex work," even though recent research shows that the vast majority of women engaged in prostitution are routinely harassed, raped and assaulted and want to escape.

The author implies that because Gloria Steinem and Chuck Colson are working together to help pass antislavery legislation that includes sex slavery, the legislation is questionable. Here's another explanation: Steinem and Colson agree that the United States should lead a twenty-first-century abolitionist movement. That's what President Bush and Secretary Rice have been doing. While praising the President may embarrass *The Nation* and shock its readers (as well as the President), the praise is merited.

AMBASSADOR JOHN R. MILLER, *director*
Office to Monitor and Combat
Trafficking in Persons

Venice, Calif.

■ I am a *New York Times Magazine* contributing writer and the author of "The Girls Next Door" (Jan. 25, 2004), the piece on sex trafficking Debbie Nathan refers to in her article. I'm curious about claims by Nathan, among others, that reporting on sex trafficking in general, and my piece in particular, relies heavily (or even somewhat) on the agenda of the "Christian right." Or even that reporting on sex trafficking is fueled and influenced by a so-called Christian-right agenda.

I find sex trafficking to be a nondenominational issue, above politics and religion. As a reporter who spent five months investigating this subject, I frankly was less interested in my sources' religion or their party affiliation than what they were doing about sex trafficking or inside trafficking networks. I find such debate on right versus left on this issue akin to spending one's days in Plato's Cave debating shadows and ideas rather than on those streets where girls are forced to have sex with as many as twenty to thirty men a day.

Experts are sometimes important to provide context, where appropriate. Reporters who rely on experts for direction often miss the point of a story. That said, regarding my *Times Magazine* piece, let me set the record straight: In the five months reporting this story, I made my first and only contact with one (and only one) so-called Christian organization, the International Justice Mission, and in the fourth month of my investigation, after reporting in Eastern Europe, Mexico and the United States, I quoted IJM's president twice.

In fact, I had much more contact with Equality Now, a so-called left-leaning or feminist organization, than I did with IJM. Perhaps to the surprise of those pundits and bloggers (who I would guess have not actually had physical or even phone contact with anyone of this ilk), I found IJM to be decidedly unhysterical. In fact, anyone who deals with that organization might find it to be rather rational and lawyerly, if not practical. I found that no organization had all the answers or all the questions, or even a lot of them. But to define this issue and those interested in confronting it in the "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" way of Nathan and others is to radically, and irresponsibly, miss the point. While reporting "The Girls Next Door" I spent nearly all my time among trafficking networks and law enforcement. I frankly find claims by Nathan and others of media "hysteria" on sex trafficking to be rather, well, hysterical.

In addition, I don't know how much reporting Nathan did on how Free the Slaves' Kevin Bales arrived at his numbers on sex trafficking into the United States. The math is quite complex but also very specific. It hardly relies on "press clippings." For readers interested to learn how it works, I quote Bales's lengthy but specific explanation in an exchange I had with *Slate*'s Jack Shafer, easily found on *Slate*'s website.

Last, Nathan seemed to suggest that the *Times Magazine*'s cover, showing a trafficking victim, was irresponsibly lurid or exploitative because the victim was shown wearing a Catholic-school uniform and sitting on a bed. Again, I find her speculation itself to be symptomatic of a broad and possibly purposeful misinterpretation. I was present when that photograph was taken. The girl, a Mexican national, a recently rescued trafficking victim, had just returned from a day at school, where all students are required to wear a uniform. She was photographed in the women's shelter in Mexico City that had taken her in. The bed she sat on and the stuffed animals that were all around her were all she had in the world and the only things she could call her own. Nothing about it was posed or exploitative. PETER LANDESMAN

NATHAN REPLIES

New York City

■ Thanks to Melissa Ditmore for her observations: Details like these about law enforcement policy help explain why there may be many more immigrants forced into non-sex-related work than into prostitution, and why this first group gets so little attention or help. That was the point of my article.

As for Peter Landesman, it's unfortunate that he lacks the same appreciation for getting details straight. His complaint about being tied to the right has nothing to do with my piece. Before he sent his letter to *The Nation*, he fired off an almost identical version to Ronald Radosh at Radosh.net. The two have been sparring since last year about "The Girls Next Door," and Radosh and Jack Shafer of *Slate* have criticized Landesman for not acknowledging his sources' political backgrounds and connections. As for me, the only time I've mentioned "The Girls Next Door" was when I used the word "suggestive" in my article to characterize the cover photo of the teenager

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EDITORIALS

Our Two Gulf Crises

America is now beset by two Gulf crises: one in the Persian Gulf, the other in the Gulf of Mexico. The two crises, each in its own way, have brought us back to reality. The chaos in Iraq has painfully demonstrated the limitations of American power and the inability of our military to subdue a people who don't want to be occupied. Similarly, the disaster on the Gulf Coast has lifted the veil on the effects of years of neglect of our infrastructure and what happens when the country is guided by an economic philosophy that reduces a large proportion of the working public to minimum-wage jobs without access to good schools or adequate healthcare.

The fact that the richest nation in the world could not organize the rescue of its own people—and at times did not even seem to want to—was not lost on other countries that were once in awe of American power, wealth and principles. The images of desperate Americans clinging to rooftops and bridges while the President was on vacation at his ranch did more to destroy our credibility than any military retreat ever could.

How we respond to these twin crises—the lessons we draw from them—will tell us a lot about the kind of country we are. Above all, they call for us to reorder our priorities by giving up imperial missions abroad and rebuilding the social fabric and physical capital upon which the safety and livelihoods of all Americans depend. In the editorials that follow, we explain why withdrawal from Iraq will in the end make us a stronger and more secure country that is better able to contribute to a peaceful international order—and how the rebuilding at home can begin.

Each week the evidence mounts that the Iraq War is making us less safe while doing little to stabilize Iraq. Yet many moderates and liberals, including much of the Democratic leadership in Congress, continue to oppose withdrawing US forces or even setting a timeline for doing so. Their support for "staying the course" may be based on the honorable idea that we must clean up the mess we have created. But their opposition to withdrawal will only prolong a war that each day is generating more jihadi terrorists while diverting resources from more urgent needs at home and abroad.

Those who oppose withdrawal acknowledge that the war is not going well but argue that we can't pull out until order has been restored and enough Iraqi troops have been trained to keep the peace. But the experience of the past two years strongly suggests that it's beyond our capability to bring order to a country we do not understand and, even more sobering, that the occupation itself is at least in part the cause of the chaos there. The number of insurgents has steadily grown, as has the number and sophistication of their attacks on US and Iraqi forces. Today Iraq produces less electricity and less oil than it did before the US invasion; Iraqi unemployment has increased to more than 50 percent; and crime and corruption are rampant. Not surprisingly, the overwhelming majority of Iraqis say they oppose America's military presence.

This astonishing record of failure is in part due to the horrendous mistakes the Bush Administration made in the early days of the occupation, from disbanding the Iraqi Army to torturing Iraqi prisoners at Abu Ghraib. But today's deepening crisis is also the inescapable result of an unwanted foreign occupation and the insurgency that inevitably arose to fight it. American actions to break that insurgency, whether by storming into Sunni houses

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in the middle of the night, detaining large numbers of suspected fighters or leveling cities like Falluja, breed even more bitterness, anger and recruits, as well as more chaos and lawlessness.

American military officials now admit that the insurgency cannot be defeated by force. Rather, as Gen. Donald Alston, the chief military spokesman in Baghdad, acknowledged earlier this summer, it can only be "settled in the political process." But the occupation has so poisoned that process that it may be impossible to establish a national pact as long as US forces remain in Iraq. On the one hand, the Sunni population and Shiite nationalists associated with Muqtada al-Sadr seem convinced that the United States is using its power to facilitate a Kurdish and southern Shiite breakup of the country. They thus believe, whether rightly or wrongly, that they must defeat the United States before they can get a fair hearing in the new Iraq. On the other hand, the Shiite-dominated government, knowing that it has US protection, has had little or no incentive to compromise with the Sunnis or the Shiite nationalists, as evidenced by its unwillingness to give serious consideration to their concerns in the drafting of the new Constitution. Meanwhile, the government seems determined to elevate the role of Islam in Iraqi society, stripping women of the rights they have enjoyed for decades. As a result, Iraqis have been brought a step closer not to a workable government but to full-scale civil war and the establishment of an Islamic state.

Thus, instead of producing security or fostering democracy, we have allowed ourselves to be used by one faction of the country, albeit a majority, to impose a government inimical to the rights of the minority and to the future functioning of Iraq. We now find ourselves in the uncomfortable position of asking our men and women in uniform to fight for a government that seems determined to create an Islamic state aligned with Iran and to maintain order in what could become an increasingly bloody civil war.

Those who argue that withdrawal must be contingent upon an improvement of conditions in Iraq have it backward. Conditions will not improve, at least not fundamentally, until we establish a clear timetable for withdrawal and begin to reduce our military presence. At this point, nothing may prevent the civil war that in many respects has already begun; but at the least, the announcement of withdrawal would change the political dynamics, which in turn would create an opportunity for more responsible forces in Iraq to emerge. There is good evidence that withdrawal of US troops and the re-opening of the constitutional process will take some of the steam out of the insurgency and give moderate Sunnis a reason to opt for a political settlement. It might also force the current government to make a more genuine effort to bring Sunnis and Shiite nationalists into the political process. And it would put more of an onus on Iraq's regional neighbors to responsibly police their borders and curb their allies within Iraq.

Those who oppose withdrawal argue that if we leave, Iraq will become a failed state and a haven for terrorists, much like Afghanistan in the 1990s. This assumes that the interests of Sunni nationalists, who account for the great majority of the insurgents, and foreign fighters are the same. But there is every reason to believe that once US troops begin to depart, the Iraqi insurgents will

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COMMENT

turn on the foreign jihadis. The Sunni tribal community is tightly knit, with considerable resources and decades of experience in exercising control over the country. Its leaders are not likely to cede power to foreigners of any stripe. Already there is evidence of resistance to the jihadis in places like Ramadi.

Our strategy ought not to be to fight every prospective terrorist to the death in Iraq—a prescription for endless war—but to deny them the cause that has swollen their ranks. Indeed, the greatest blow the Bush Administration could strike against jihadi terrorism would be to end the occupation. Conversely, the longer we stay, the more trained jihadi fighters there will be to let loose on the world and on Iraq's neighbors. Thus an expeditious US withdrawal is a critical regional and national security priority, not a prescription for emboldening the terrorists, as some claim.

Admittedly, withdrawal from Iraq will be a defeat of sorts—defeat of a misguided policy that tried to remake America into an imperial power and turn Iraq into a strategic garrison. But from this defeat another US foreign policy can emerge, one guided by America's real interests and principles and above all by a commitment to international law and diplomacy. If combined with creative regional diplomacy that no longer targets Iran and Syria as our enemies and that commits the United States to a serious effort at brokering an equitable Israeli-Palestinian settlement, withdrawal from Iraq may be able to limit the violence the invasion unleashed and put the United States in a better position to contribute to a more stable Middle East.

COMMENT

A 'New' New Deal

The catastrophe, as many seem to grasp, is one of those big moments that jolt public consciousness and alter the course of national history. I would go further and describe it as an exclamation point that marks a dramatic breakdown for the reigning right-wing orthodoxy, the beginning of its retreat and eventual demise. This by no means insures the restoration of progressive alternatives, but events have at least reopened the argument conservatives thought they had won.

A profound political question is suddenly on the table: Must the country continue to give precedence to private financial gain and market determinism over human lives and broad public values? Or shall we now undertake a radical restoration on behalf of society and people? New Orleans, strange exception though it seems, is actually an extreme microcosm of the nation's general afflictions and social inequities. It's the place where reform politics can launch its long-deferred counteroffensive.

The conservative mindset is flummoxed by these tragic new circumstances. Republican ideologues acquired governing power by promising to liberate Americans from the government's intrusive powers, but they succeeded all too well. If "market forces" are allowed to design the recovery program, much of New Orleans and environs will be plowed up (think no-bid contracts for Halliburton and Bechtel) and reduced to a theme park for hot jazz, good restaurants and grubby jobs.

Newt Gingrich, always a reliable bellwether for the right-wing zeitgeist, is preaching that the right must change its tune "quickly" or face big losses. The old politics—provoking culture wars about "moral values"—will no longer suffice, he explained in a memo circulated among Republicans and the press. The new politics is about "performance," in which GOP government has to deliver. But while Gingrich's rhetoric is different, his ideas are the same old, same old. He urges George W. Bush to create a huge tax-free zone along the Gulf Coast where business enterprise will be subsidized and the oil industry relieved of meddlesome environmental regulation. The President's first noble gesture after the flood was to cut wages for construction workers on public projects.

More encouraging evidence of changed politics comes from the left. Some bold Democrats are doing what they haven't dared to do for many years, even decades: They are invoking their New Deal legacy and applying its liberal operating assumptions to the present crisis. In the totality of the Gulf Coast destruction, the economy *and* the society have been collapsed. As New Dealers understood, you cannot fix one without fixing the other. And only the federal government has the resources and authority to lead such a complex undertaking.

Senator Edward Kennedy calls for a "Gulf Coast Regional Redevelopment Authority," modeled after FDR's Tennessee Valley Authority, to lead the rebuilding. Former Senator John Edwards proposes a vast new jobs program, patterned after the New Deal's Works Progress Administration (WPA) and Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), in which the displaced and the poor are hired at living wages to clean up and rebuild their devastated communities. In the week after Katrina, Representatives Dennis Kucinich and Stephanie Tubbs Jones swiftly rounded up eighty-eight House co-sponsors, including some from Mississippi and Louisiana, for a similar initiative.

As the dimensions of this challenge become clearer, reformers will discover other New Deal models they can emulate and adapt to present circumstances. For instance, in the 1930s Roosevelt's Reconstruction Finance Corporation was a central player in rebuilding the industrial economy, because it acted like a public-spirited investment banker empowered to channel startup capital to collapsed companies, provide temporary protection from creditors and impose equitable terms on how the private firms relate to social priorities. This time cities and schools need similar help.

The government, meanwhile, must quickly become the employer of last resort across the region. Neither local school systems nor small-business employers can recover unless their communities have a large, reliable base of wage incomes—that is, government-financed jobs to sustain customers and taxpayers. You can't rebuild homes without tools and materials or temporary relief from mortgage defaults. You can't reopen schools if their tax base is gone. You can't prevent poor people from sliding back into desperate conditions unless government creates ladders of upward mobility.

Recognizing such social-economic connections was the essence of New Deal innovation. Serious politicians need to jump-start their imaginations. This born-again New Deal spirit

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isn't backward-looking but instead can seize the opportunity to address grave issues—such as the myriad ecological dangers spawned by our hydrocarbon economy—that status-quo politics neglects, like the New Orleans levees.

This new ferment is only just beginning, but the crisis is young, and the hunger for big reform is rapidly gaining momentum. The media haven't paid much attention so far because the New Deal proposals probably sound like historic relics. But the aptness of the ideas—aggressive government intervention, integrated across many fronts—will become clearer to people if Democrats re-educate the electorate. That re-education can begin if progressives first provoke a big argument among Democrats themselves. What do they now believe about government's obligations to society? This is a good fight to have and, besides, intramural political spats are always newsworthy. This one will be substantive as well. Terrible events have handed Democrats the material for a strong and enduring governing agenda.

George Bush, meet "Dr. New Deal." Reactionary Republicans loathed FDR and sneered at his corny slogans, while he wickedly ridiculed them in return. The voters understood his spirit and forgave the mistakes. They laughed with him and loved him for caring. WILLIAM GREIDER

Class-ifying the Hurricane

I was in New Orleans visiting my mother and other relatives less than a week before Katrina hit. Even though we already had an eye on the approaching hurricane, I had no thought, when I boarded the plane to leave, that the city I've known all my life would never be the same again.

I don't have space or words to catalogue the horrors and outrages associated with the plight of New Orleans and its people. In any event, the basic story is now well-known, and we're entering the stage at which further details mainly feed the voyeuristic sentimentalism that will help the momentarily startled corporate news media retreat gracefully to their more familiar role as court heralds. The bigger picture will disappear in the minutiae of timelines and discrete actions.

What will be lost is the central point that the destruction was not an "act of God." Nor was it simply the product of incompetence, lack of empathy or cronyism. Those exist in abundance, to be sure, but they are symptoms, not ultimate causes. What happened in New Orleans is the culmination of twenty-five years of disparagement of any idea of public responsibility; of a concerted effort—led by the right but as part of a bipartisan consensus—to reduce government's functions to enhancing plunder by corporations and the wealthy and punishing everyone else, undermining any notion of social solidarity.

I know that some progressives believe this incident will mark a turning point in American politics. Perhaps, especially if gas prices continue to rise. I suspect, however, that this belief is only another version of the cargo cult that has pervaded the American left in different ways for a century: the wish for some magical intervention or technical fix that will substitute for organizing a broad popular base around a clearly articulated, alternative vision that responds to most people's pressing concerns. The greater likelihood is that within a month Democratic liberals will have smothered the political moment just as they've smothered every other opportunity we've had since Ronald Reagan's election. True, Nancy Pelosi and others finally began to bark at the Bush Administration's persisting homicidal negligence. But my hunch is that, as with Iran/*contra*, the theft of the 2000 election and the torrent of obvious lies that justified the war on Iraq, liberals' fear of seeming irresponsibly combative and their commitment to the primacy of corporate and investor-class interests will lead them to aid and abet the short-circuiting of whatever transformative potential this moment has.

This will also obscure the deeper reality that lies beneath the manifest racial disparities in vulnerability, treatment and outcome. The abstract, moralizing patter about how and whether "race matters" or "the role of race" is appealing partly because it doesn't confront the roots of the bipartisan neoliberal policy regime. It's certainly true that George W. Bush and his minions are indifferent to, or contemptuous of, black Americans in general. They're contemptuous of *anyone* who is not part of the ruling class. Although Bush and his pals are no doubt small-minded bigots in many ways, the racial dimension stands out so strikingly in part because race is now the most familiar—and apparently for many progressives the most powerful—language of social justice. For roughly a generation it seemed reasonable to expect that defining inequalities in racial terms would provoke some remedial response from the federal government. But for quite some time race's force in national politics has been as a vehicle for reassuring whites that "public" equals some combination of "black," "poor" and "loser"; that cutting public spending is aimed at weaning a lazy black underclass off the dole or—in the supposedly benign, liberal Democratic version—teaching blacks "personal responsibility."

To paraphrase historian Barbara Fields, race is a language through which American capitalism's class contradictions are commonly expressed. Class will almost certainly turn out to be a better predictor than race of who was able to evacuate, who drowned, who was left to fester in the Superdome or on overpasses, who is stuck in shelters in Houston or Baton Rouge, or who is randomly dispersed to the four winds. I'm certain that class is also a better predictor than race of whose emotional attachments to place will be factored into plans for reconstructing the city.

Of course, in a case of devastation so vast as this, class position provides imperfect insulation. All my very well connected, petit-bourgeois family in New Orleans are now spread across Mississippi and south Louisiana with no hint of when they will return home or what they'll have to return to. Some may have lost their homes and all their belongings. But most of them evacuated before the storm. No one died or was in grave danger of dying; no one was left on an overpass, in the Superdome or at the convention center. They were fortunate but hardly unique among the city's black population, and class had everything to do with the terms of their survival.

Natural disasters can magnify existing patterns of inequality. The people who were swept aside or simply overlooked in this

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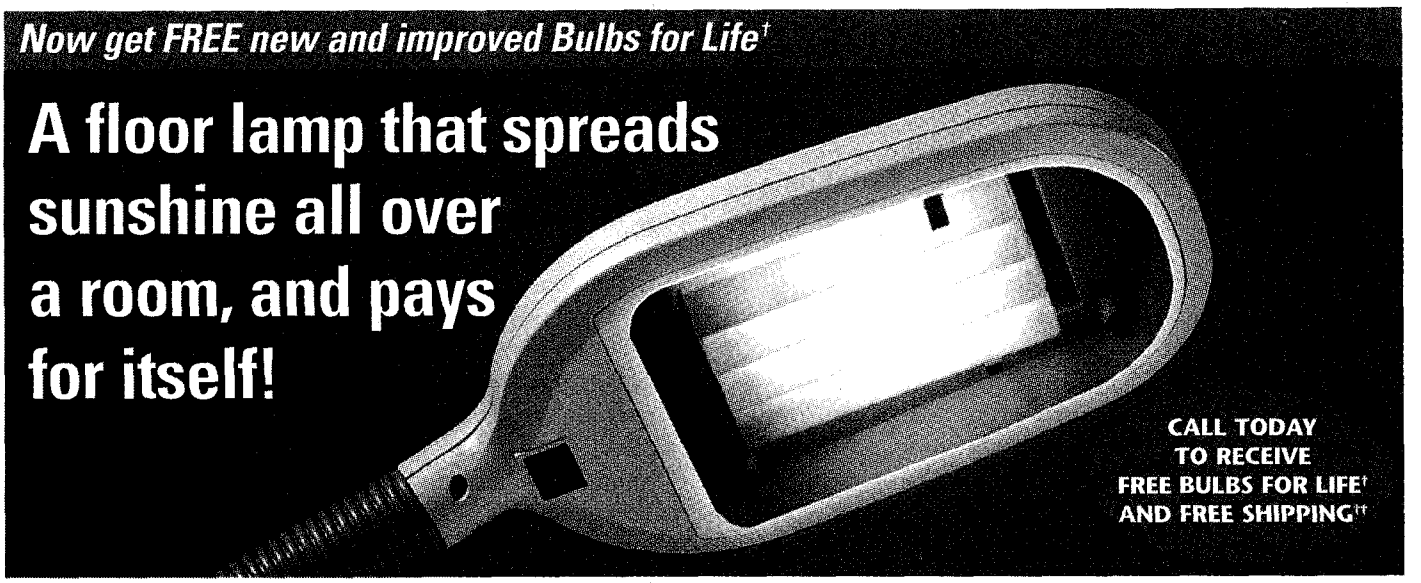

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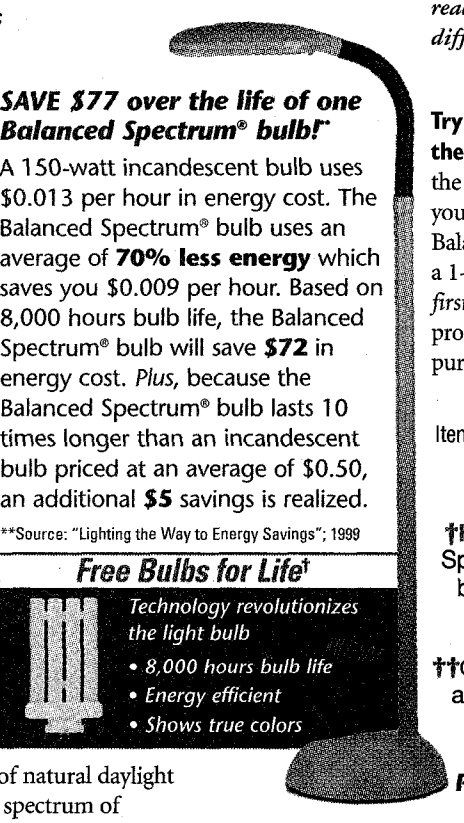

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COMMENT

catastrophe were the same ones who were already swept aside in a model of urban revitalization that, in New Orleans as everywhere else, is predicated on their removal. Their presence is treated as an eyesore, a retardant of property values, proof by definition that the spaces they occupy are underutilized. And it's not simply because they're black. They embody another, more specific category, the equivalent of what used to be known, in the heyday of racial taxonomy, as a "sub-race." They are a population against which others—blacks as well as whites—measure their own civic worth. Those who were the greatest victims of the disaster were invisible in preparation and response, just as they were the largely invisible, low-wage props supporting the tourism industry's mythos of New Orleans as the city of constant carnival. They enter public discussion only as a problem to be rectified or contained, never as subjects of political action with their own voices and needs. White elites fret about how best to move them out of the way; black elites ventriloquize them and smooth their removal.

Race is too blunt an analytical tool even when inequality is expressed in glaring racial disparities. Its meanings are too vague. We can see already that the charges of racial insensitivity and neglect threaten to divert the focus of the Katrina outrage to a secondary debate about how Bush feels about blacks and whether the sources of the travesty visited upon poor New Orleanians were "color blind" or racist. Beyond that, a racial critique can lead nowhere except to demands for black participation in decision-making around reconstruction. But which black people? What plans? Reconstruction on what terms? I've seen too many black- and Latino-led municipal governments and housing authorities fuel real estate speculation with tax giveaways and zoning variances, rationalizing massive displacement of poor and other working-class people with sleight-of-hand about mixed-income occupancy and appeals to the sanctity of market forces.

The only hope we have for turning back the tide of this thuggish Administration's commitment to destroy every bit of social protection that's been won in the past century lies in finding ways to build a broad movement of the vast majority of us who are not part of the investor class. We have to be clear that what happened in New Orleans is an extreme and criminally tragic coming home to roost of the con that cutting public spending makes for a better society. It is a shocking foretaste of a future that many more of us will experience less dramatically, often quietly as individuals, as we lose pensions, union protection, access to healthcare and public education, Social Security, bankruptcy and tort protection, and as we are called upon to feed an endless war machine.

ADOLPH REED JR.

Adolph Reed Jr., an expatriate New Orleanian, is professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and a member of the interim national council of the Labor Party.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Further Words From George W. Bush After He Said to FEMA Chief Michael Brown, 'Brownie, You're Doing A Heckuva Job.'

A qualified guy, I wish I had added.
Your résumé's super, even if padded.
We wanted the best to lead FEMA's forces,
And who would know more than a man who
knows horses?
You saw that the storm was more than some
showers,
And sent off a memo in four or five hours.
You found out that life in the Dome was not
Super—
And only a day after Anderson Cooper.
A heckuva job! You know how to lead 'em.
We hope to award you the Medal of Freedom.

Bread, Roses & the Flood

This time the Bush Administration could not hide the dead bodies—or the walking wounded whose abandonment by American society began not in the hurricane's wake but many years earlier.

The only bright spot in this man-made disaster has been the wave of public outrage at the Administration's abject failure to provide aid to the most vulnerable. Indeed, it is hard to think of a time, other than at the height of the civil rights movement, when the plight of poor black Southerners so deeply stirred the conscience of the nation. Perhaps Hurricane Katrina will go down in history alongside Bull Connor's fire hoses in Birmingham and the Alabama Highway Patrol's nightsticks at Selma as a catalyst for a new national self-awareness regarding the unfinished struggle for racial justice.

But a better historical analogy, although not one that immediately springs to mind, may be the Lawrence, Massachusetts, strike of 1912, best known for giving the labor movement the slogan "bread and roses." Thousands of poor immigrant workers walked off their jobs in the city's giant woolen mills to protest a wage reduction. Bill Haywood, leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, who had been invited in to help direct the strike, devised a plan to send the workers' children to live with sympathetic families in other cities for the duration. The sight of the pale, emaciated children marching up Fifth Avenue transformed public opinion regarding the strike (leading the governor of Massachusetts to pressure the mill owners to accede to the workers' demands). More important, even though by 1912 the Pro-

(*Continued on Page 24*)

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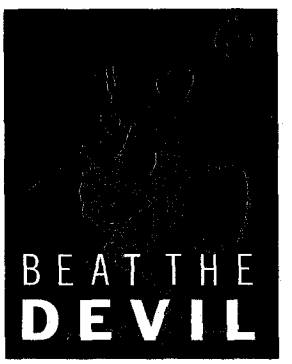
ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Levee Town



Weather can wipe out cities forever. It's what happened to America's first city, after all, as a visit to Chaco Canyon northeast of Gallup, New Mexico, attests. At the start of the thirteenth century it got hotter in that part of the world, and by the 1230s the Anasazi up and moved on. As the world now knows, weather need not have done New Orleans in. There are decades' worth of memos from engineers and contractors setting forth budgets for what it would take to build up those levees to withstand a Category 4 or Category 5 hurricane. The sum most recently nixed by Bush's OMB—$3 billion or so—is far less than what the Pentagon simply mislays every year.

New Orleans has bounced back before—though after the Civil War the city never really returned to its former glory. According to Lyle Saxon's *Fabulous New Orleans*, the last great social season came in 1859 with the largest receipts of produce, the heaviest and most profitable trade the city had ever done. The total river trade that year was valued at $289,565,000.

On April 24, 1862, New Orleans fell to the federal forces. Farragut's fleet broke through the blockade at the river's mouth. Soon thereafter federal ships passed the two forts below New Orleans. Tumult and confusion prevailed. To keep them out of enemy hands, 12,000 bales of cotton were rolled from the warehouses and set on fire. Warehouses crammed with tobacco and sugar were torched. Ships on the Mississippi, loaded with cotton, were burning too, and the sparks jumped to the steamboats. The Mississippi was aflame. As Saxon puts it, "gutters flowed molasses: sugar lay like drifted snow along the sidewalks." New Orleans had been sacked by its own people. The years of poverty and misery began.

With misery came masques, though it had actually been in 1857 that some young men from Mobile paraded during Mardi Gras as the Mystick Krewe of Comus, thus augmenting the traditional masked balls of the Creoles. In 1879 came the Twelfth Night Revelers. Then in 1872 Alexis Alexandrovich Romanov, brother to the Czar-apparent, was in town for carnival. They organized a parade for him, headed by a makeshift monarch, "Rex," a parody of the real thing.

In 1916 the first black krewe, the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club, mimicked the mimicry of Rex by making the Zulu King's royal way the Basin Street Canal and his imperial float a skiff. As in the "life upside down" banquets of the Middle Ages, the parades and the masques parodied, or at least underlined, the real nature of things. As Errol Laborde, historian of Mardi Gras, describes it: "In the waning moments of the Carnival season, Rex and his queen greet Comus and his queen. Carnival custom recognizes Rex as the symbol of the people and Comus as the symbol of tradition and high society. It is more than symbolic that at the ceremonial conclusion of Carnival, Rex bows to Comus. In this act the people bow to society."

Hurricanes trump mime. In the wake of Katrina's onslaught, the people greeted Comus, taking the unpleasing form of Vice President Dick Cheney, with the finger and a four-letter word. But Comus will have the next laugh. The dearest wish of "society"—in its true guise as the expression of power and property—has always been to push Rex and his people off all potentially profitable real estate in the Crescent City, with the whole shoreline gentrified and the poor driven into hinterland ghettos. Thus were the better housing projects—such as Iberville and St. Thomas—scheduled for demolition nearly a generation ago, and the Superdome imposed upon what had been a thriving black neighborhood.

So, as Sonny Landreth puts it in his song "Levee Town," "Don't be surprised at who shows up, down in the Levee Town." As the waters recede poor neighborhoods will be swiftly red-tagged for the bulldozers. The "reconstruction" of New Orleans promises to be the first really big outing for the *Kelo* decision. *Kelo*? On June 23 the Supreme Court's liberals, plus Souter and Kennedy, decreed that between private property rights on the one side and big-time developers with city councils in their pockets on the other, the latter win every time, using the weapon of eminent domain in the furtherance of "public purpose." As Sandra Day O'Connor wrote in her dissent, "the specter of condemnation hangs over all property. Nothing is to prevent the State from replacing a ny Motel 6 with a Ritz-Carlton, any home with a shopping mall, or any farm with a factory." Or any black neighborhood with some simulacrum of the Garden District.

For most of its post–Civil War existence New Orleans was a pretty desperate city, despite its occasional boasts that it has the highest number of millionaires in America's fifty largest cities. I remember that in 1988, the year George Bush Sr. accepted his nomination in the Superdome, some 26 percent of the city's inhabitants were below the poverty line and 50 percent could be classified as poor.

The scarcely suppressed class war in New Orleans was what gave the place, and its music, its edge. And why, at least until now, the Disneyfication of the core city could never quite be consummated. Barely had the hurricane passed before Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert caught the Republican mood nicely with his remarks that the city should be abandoned to the alligators, and Barbara Bush followed through with her considered view that for black people the Houston Astrodome represented the *ne plus ultra* in domestic amenities.

Music and street food are what anchored the city to its history. On any visit, you could hear blues singers whose active careers spanned six decades. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown finally left us recently at 81. I heard him at JazzFest this spring, and though the Reaper had him by the elbow, Gatemouth still fired up the crowd: "Goodbye, I hate, I hate to leave you now, goodbye/Wish that I could help somehow/ So long, so long for now, so long/I pray that I return, return to you some day/You pray that it shall be just that way/So long, so long for now, so long." ■

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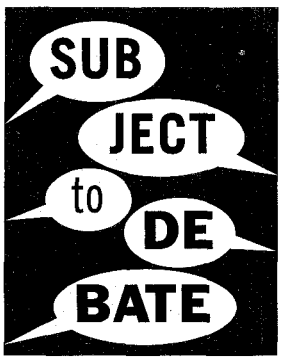
KATHA POLLITT

Intelligible Design



Sometimes I wonder if the future, in some strange metaphysical way, reaches down into our psyches and readies us to accept what is to come. Maybe we know things before we know them. By the time change is plain to see, we've unconsciously adapted to it and have learned to call it something else—God's will, human nature, life.

Let's say, for example, that the American Empire is just about over. Let's say China and India and other countries as well are set to surge ahead in science and technology, leaving reduced opportunities for upward mobility for the educated, while capital continues to roam the world in search of cheap labor, leaving a shattered working class. Let's say we really are becoming a society of fixed status: the have-nots, an anxious and defensive middle and what George W. Bush famously calls his base, the have-mores. What sort of shifts in culture and social structure would prepare us for this looming state of affairs? A resurgence of Christian fundamentalism would fill the bill nicely.

Intellectually, scientifically, even artistically, fundamentalism—biblical literalism—is a road to nowhere, because it insists on fidelity to revealed truths that are not true. But religious enthusiasm is not all bad. Like love or political activism, it can help troubled souls transform their lives. And if what we're looking at is an America with an ever-larger and boxed-in working class and tighter competition for high-paying jobs among the elite, fundamentalism is exactly the thing to manage decline: It schools the downwardly mobile in making the best of their lot while teaching them to be grateful for the food pantry and daycare over at the church. At the same time, taking advantage of existing currents of anti-intellectualism and school-tax resistance, it removes from the pool of potential scientists and other creative professionals vast numbers of students, who will have had their minds befuddled with creationism and its smooth-talking cousin, intelligent design. Already, according to a study by University of Minnesota biology professor Randy Moore, 40 percent of high school biology teachers don't teach evolution, either because it's socially unacceptable in their communities or because they themselves don't believe in it.

If you think of current behavior as an advance accommodation to what is on the way, some things make sense that otherwise are mysterious. Why, at the very moment that we are talking obsessively about academic "excellence" and leaving no child behind, are we turning our public schools into factories of rote learning and multiple-choice testing, as if learning how to read and count were some huge accomplishment? Well, if your fate is to be a supermarket checker—and that's a "good job" these days—you won't be needing Roman history or art or calculus. By the same token, cutting state university budgets, burdening students with debt and turning college into a kind of middle-management trade school makes sense, if shrinking opportunities for the professional elite lie ahead. Why create more competition for the graduates of the Ivy League?

Another mystery potentially explained: Government's determination to keep working-class women from controlling their fertility. Why does it set a biological trap that dooms them to years of struggle with repercussions for everyone around them, including their children? (It's true that teen pregnancy rates are going down, but they're still astronomical by the standards of any other industrial nation—six times the rate in the Devil's own country, France.) For all our talk about single-parent families—the reason for the terrible poverty of black New Orleans, if we are to believe right-wing columnists Rich Lowry and David Brooks—we act to bring about more of them, and of the most vulnerable, makeshift kind. Somehow single motherhood is supposed to be the fault of the left, but it's the right that has cut public funding for contraception, held up Plan B, restricted abortion, flooded the schools with useless abstinence-only sex ed and now even threatens to bar confidentiality to girls seeking birth control. If you wanted a fatalistic, disorganized working class, a working class too worn out by the day-to-day to do much more than get by, saddling girls with babies is a great idea.

Hurricane Katrina was heartbreaking—and it was shocking too. The realities it laid bare—the stark class and race divisions of New Orleans, the callousness and cluelessness and sheer shameless incompetence of the Bush Administration, the long years of ecological mismanagement of the Gulf region—show how far the process of adaptation to decline has already gone. Bush's ownership society turns out to be the on-your-ownership society. The rising tide that was supposed to lift all boats is actually a flood that only those who already have a boat can escape.

For decades the right has worked day and night to delegitimize concepts without which no society can thrive, or maybe even survive—the common good, social solidarity, knowledge and expertise, public service. God, abstinence and the market were supposed to solve all our problems. Bad news—climate change, rising poverty, racial and gender disparities, educational failure, the mess in Iraq—was just flimflam from liberals who hate freedom. Is there another world power that lives in such a fantasy world? Now, in old people left to drown in their nursing home beds, in police who reportedly demanded that young women stranded on rooftops bare their breasts in return for rescue, in the contempt for public safety shown by Bush's transformation of FEMA into a pasture for hapless cronies—we can all see what those fantasies obscured. A government that doesn't believe in government was a disaster waiting to happen.

That disaster was Katrina, and it's swept us a crucial political moment. It's as if we're being given something people rarely get: a chance to take a hard look at the future we are preparing for ourselves, an America that has used up its social and economic and intellectual capital and in which it's every man for himself, and every woman, too.

Is that the future we want? Because if we let this moment slip away, that is where we are heading. ■

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ARTICLES

DEMOCRATS FACE A MOMENT OF TRUTH

WINNING THE PEACE

by JOHN NICHOLS

In the crowd that gathered outside the Catonsville, Maryland, public library in August to support antiwar mom Cindy Sheehan's demand that President Bush listen to her plea for an end to the US occupation of Iraq, the distinguished gentleman in "CEO casual" dress was instantly recognizable. Women holding BRING OUR CHILDREN HOME banners nodded, men with STOP THE WAR signs waved and eventually one person after another edged over to shake the hand of Kweisi Mfume, the former NAACP president who is seeking an open Senate seat from Maryland. They were thanking Mfume for being something that is still all too rare—a prominent Democrat who is willing to stand unapologetically with the movement to bring troops home from a war that has gone horribly awry. Mfume smiled and told his well-wishers, "This is the right place to be for the right reasons."

Mfume will get no argument from the party faithful on that point. There is a growing sense that any Democrat who wants to be a leader of what is supposed to be America's opposition party—and of the nation in which it is competing for power—must be front and center in the antiwar movement. Of course, this is not yet the case. As Mfume told the crowd in Catonsville, there are now "two voices in the Democratic Party" when it comes to Iraq. Such Democratic luminaries as senators Hillary Clinton, Joe Biden and minority leader Harry Reid continue to echo Bush Administration spin about how the United States must "stay the course." But the antiwar voice is growing louder. Loud enough, perhaps, to force the Democratic leadership to offer something more than an echo—or, if need be, to replace that leadership with Democrats who can present a genuine alternative to the neoconservative national security policies that have made America anything but secure.

"Too many of the leading figures in the Democratic Party made a terrible mistake in 2002 and 2004: They allowed the White House to intimidate them into not opposing an unpopular and misguided war," says Wisconsin Senator Russ Feingold, a maverick Democrat who has emerged as one of the party's most thoughtful dissenters. "If we don't want to make the same mistake in 2006 and 2008, we have to be moving now to break the taboo that says we cannot talk about ending our involvement in Iraq and bringing our troops home."

Indeed, if the summer of 2005 taught us anything, it is that the intellectually and morally proper course also happens to be the politically practical one. The country is ready for a bolder critique of the President and his war. The Maryland vigil that Mfume joined was just one of 1,600 held in small towns and big cities across America in support of Sheehan—preludes to a September 24 rally in Washington that is expected to draw tens of thousands. Seven state Democratic parties, so far, have called for withdrawing US troops from Iraq. And in the early stages of 2006 Senate races, Democratic primary contenders like Mfume and Rhode Island's Matt Brown have made antiwar messages central to their candidacies.

The old excuse that Democrats can be politically viable only by supporting the course chosen by a popular President in a time of peril has less validity than ever. What sense does it make to cede the debate to Bush and his Republican allies when, according to recent Gallup polls, 51 percent of Americans say the Bush Administration deliberately misled the public about the reasons for going to war? Or when 54 percent say the United States made a mistake in sending troops to Iraq? Or when 58 percent say that no matter how long US troops remain in Iraq, they will not be able to establish a stable, democratic government there?

"The bottom line," says campaign strategist Steve Cobble, who helped guide the Rev. Jesse Jackson's 1988 presidential campaign and is closely aligned with the group Progressive Democrats of America, "is that a Democratic Party that tries to fuzz its message on the war loses."

With the 2006 midterm elections fast approaching and antiwar sentiment continuing to grow, this fall is shaping up as a

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moment of truth for antiwar Democrats in Washington. There has always been an antiwar wing of the party—flexing at least a measure of muscle in the fall of 2002, when 126 Democrats in the House and twenty-one in the Senate opposed authorizing Bush to use military force against Iraq. For the most part, however, antiwar voices have been drowned out by party leaders who've either parroted Bush's rhetoric or avoided the issue altogether, hoping in vain that the electorate's focus could be shifted to economic issues at home. But after a summer recess during which the news from Iraq was more nightmarish than ever, Democratic foes of the war are raising the volume, particularly about the once unmentionable idea of withdrawing troops.

The Out of Iraq Caucus, founded in the House earlier this year by California Representative Maxine Waters, now has more than sixty members. Many of those members are also active in a re-energized Congressional Progressive Caucus, led by two of the House's most vocal antiwar Democrats, California Representatives Barbara Lee and Lynn Woolsey. In May Woolsey sponsored an amendment to a Defense Authorization measure demanding that the Administration define its goals in Iraq and provide some sort of exit strategy. Woolsey's amendment received a surprising 128 votes. She has since organized a hearing, set for September 15, on disengaging from Iraq. "Everything about this war has been a ruinous debacle: the way we got into it, the way we've conducted it, the refusal of a plan for disengagement, the high price—in dollars and lives—we've paid for it," Woolsey argued in announcing the session. "There is only one solution: Bring the troops home."

'Everywhere you look, the signals tell us that it's the perfect time for Democratic leaders to be saying, Enough is enough.'

Woolsey's hearing will be the first in a number of moves this fall to focus the vague Congressional discussion on concrete questions of goals, timelines and—for the Bush Administration—accountability. Representative John Conyers of Michigan, the ranking Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee, will use hearings, procedural moves and bipartisan resolutions to draw attention to the Downing Street memo—notes from a 2002 meeting between US and British intelligence officials in which a top British official observed that "the intelligence and facts were being fixed around the policy" of invading Iraq. A House resolution demanding that the White House disclose documents relating to issues raised by the memo now has almost seventy co-sponsors, including Iowa Republican Jim Leach.

On the other side of the Capitol, where Democratic senators have been even more cautious than their House colleagues, Feingold broke the biggest taboo in the debate over withdrawing troops in August when he proposed an actual date for ending the US presence in Iraq: December 31, 2006. Such talk remains anathema to prospective 2008 presidential candidates like Clinton, Biden and Senator Evan Bayh of Indiana. Clinton has been particularly aggressive in distancing herself from calls by other Democrats for withdrawal, pushing the Administration-friendly line that, in her words, "we don't want to send a signal to the insurgents, to the terrorists, that we are going to be out of here at some date certain" —and handing right-wing pundits ammunition for their "even Hillary Clinton says this is dangerous" attacks on antiwar Democrats.

But Clinton is increasingly positioning herself on the wrong side of the debate—not just with grassroots Democrats but with the country as a whole. "Everywhere you look, the signals tell us that it's the perfect time for Democratic leaders to be saying, Enough is enough," says former Senator Gary Hart of Colorado. "But I don't see that happening until the critics of the war develop their message and make it heard within the party."

The antiwar message is finally taking shape. Feingold's call for an explicit timeline for bringing home the troops is an essential component. But that call, Hart notes, cannot come in a void; it must be part of a broader vision for keeping Americans safe and secure in a turbulent world. "You start by casting an exit strategy from Iraq as part of a national security agenda," Hart argues. "But then you must put forward that agenda, and it has to encompass getting homeland security right, modernizing the military, diplomacy, international aid. It's the big picture."

As the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina made clear, that agenda must include a domestic policy component. "Democrats can't be afraid to say, Look, this war is emptying the Treasury of the money that should be paying for education, healthcare, housing and the rebuilding of our cities," argues former California legislator Tom Hayden, who cut his political teeth in the anti–Vietnam War movement of the 1960s and is now an outspoken advocate for making an antiwar message central to the Democratic platform in 2006 and 2008.

Mfume's Senate race could turn into an important test of how well the emerging antiwar message plays with voters. The front-runner for the Democratic nomination in Maryland is Representative Benjamin Cardin, who voted against the 2002 resolution authorizing Bush to attack Iraq—but voted in May to block Woolsey's amendment seeking a plan for withdrawal. Cardin, like Clinton and most Democratic leaders, says a timeline would put US troops in danger. Mfume counters that the Iraq fight is "a war without justification and apparently without end," and argues bluntly that "it's time to get out."

No matter what happens in 2006, the debate over Iraq is likely to dominate the fast-starting 2008 Democratic presidential race. The jockeying for the nomination has already begun, with potential Democratic candidates visiting the Iowa and New Hampshire precincts that will play a definitive role in identifying the party's next nominee—and its direction. Even if an outspoken antiwar candidate does not prevail in those first contests, the early and persistent presence of a genuine foe of the Bush Administration's approach to national security issues could prod not just the party but all the machinery of modern American politics—the media, the fundraising establishment and Congress itself—to get more serious about the questions of when and how the United States should pull itself out of the quagmire in Iraq.

Hart, who pondered making an antiwar run for the presidency in 2004 but disavows interest in doing so in 2008, says that the failure of party leaders to advance a logical exit strategy has created an opening for an antiwar presidential candidate—"or, at the least, someone who says, I may or may not be running

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for President but I am definitely running for the leadership of my party on the most critical issue of the day." Hart argues that "if someone were to step up right now with a plan to get out of Iraq that makes sense, and heads to Iowa and New Hampshire with that message, they would be overwhelmed with support."

The notion of being "overwhelmed with support" ought to be enough incentive for any politician with presidential aspirations. But there has been no rush to take up the antiwar mantle. Feingold, who will make a foray into New Hampshire in October, is still a long way from deciding whether to run. Retired Gen. Wesley Clark is busy retracing his trail through the early caucus and primary states he visited during his not-quite-ready-for-prime-time 2004 campaign, decrying "the national security mess that we're in with Iraq and the so-called war on terror," but he remains as vague as ever on when and how to withdraw. A more focused message on the war, closely combined with his "two Americas" theme of concern for the poor and disenfranchised, could yet mark the 2004 vice presidential nominee, John Edwards, as the clear alternative to probable front-runner Hillary Clinton. But although his wife, Elizabeth, penned a poignant letter endorsing the vigils for Cindy Sheehan, the grinning North Carolinian has yet to stake out a strong position on Iraq. "We've got to have someone," says Hayden, "who is willing to say, 'Look, I want the Democratic Party to be an antiwar party. I want the Democratic Party to be a serious opposition party, and I am willing to take on the leadership now in order to assure that we have the right message in 2008.'"

The "right message" won't simply be a purely antiwar one. After eight years of Bush, there must also be a call for national renewal, beginning with restoration of the federal government as a functional force for good. But as the 2002 and 2004 elections demonstrated, domestic policy messages can be all too easily drowned out when the Republicans start banging war drums. Democrats will have to respond by showing how getting US troops out of Iraq fits into a broader agenda that will make Americans more secure, and maybe even well liked, in a turbulent world. Link that message to a realistic discussion of what the price tag of an open-ended "war on terror" does to prospects for addressing domestic problems—not just in New Orleans but everywhere in the country—and Democrats could well produce an antiwar message powerful enough to renew a party that has been on the ropes for the better part of a decade. ■

AS THE PENTAGON WOOS HISPANICS, A GRASSROOTS MOVEMENT SAYS NO TO *MILITARISMO*.

The War for Latinos

ROBERTO LOVATO

Jessica Sanchez poses an urgent threat to the US military. For a Pentagon stretched by stagnating enlistments and an Administration bent on waging a "global war on terror," the question of whether this four-foot-eleven Mexican-born legal resident and others like her will decide to join the military has enormous geopolitical implications.

RYAN INZANA

The Pentagon is spending hundreds of millions of dollars to find out whatever it can about Sanchez and other young Latinos: what they wear, where they hang out, what kinds of groups they form, what they read, what they watch on TV, their grades, their dreams. Members of the military's numerous and well-funded recruiting commands use sophisticated Geographic Information Systems maps, souped-up recruiting Hummers and other resources to establish strategic positions in the minds, pocketbooks and neighborhoods of young Latinos like Sanchez.

Recruiters are devising new and often unexpected ways to penetrate daily Latino life. "I went to a birthday celebration at Chuck E. Cheese's," says Sanchez, a 25-year-old single mom from San Marcos, California, just outside San Diego. "We were watching a puppet show when all of a sudden a military song is playing in the background. I thought that was weird but kept watching. A couple of minutes later, all of us were looking at pictures on a TV screen of people in the Army giving food and supplies to kids in Iraq. My friends and I thought that was really weird—and got out."

The bad news for Pentagon planners is not just Sanchez's negative reaction to the puppet show, or even her eventual decision not to join the Navy. It's that she and other Latinos who are rejecting the military's overtures are turning around and organizing a grassroots movement against recruitment in their community.

From the northernmost corner of Washington State to the southernmost beaches of south Florida, veteran Latino counterrecruiters and younger *activistas* are facing off against thousands of military recruiters in a battle that will determine whether Latino youth continue echoing the "*Yo soy el Army*" and other Pentagon PR slogans or instead adopt the "*Yo estoy en contra del Army*" slogan taken up by Sanchez. The counter-recruitment movement, spearheaded by scores of Latinos in Chicago, El Paso, Tucson and other cities, suburbs and rural communities, is largely occurring beneath the radar of the mostly white antiwar movement, despite its potential to alter the course of Iraq and future US wars.

"Latinos are very important to the national security of the United States," says Larry Korb, former Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower, Reserve Affairs, Installations and

Roberto Lovato (robvato63@yahoo.com) is a New York–based writer with New American Media.

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His textbook on the New Testament is the most widely used in universities today. In addition to his textbook, Professor Ehrman has written dozens of book reviews and scholarly articles, and has written or edited 12 books. He was recently featured in *Time* magazine for his book *Lost Christianities.*

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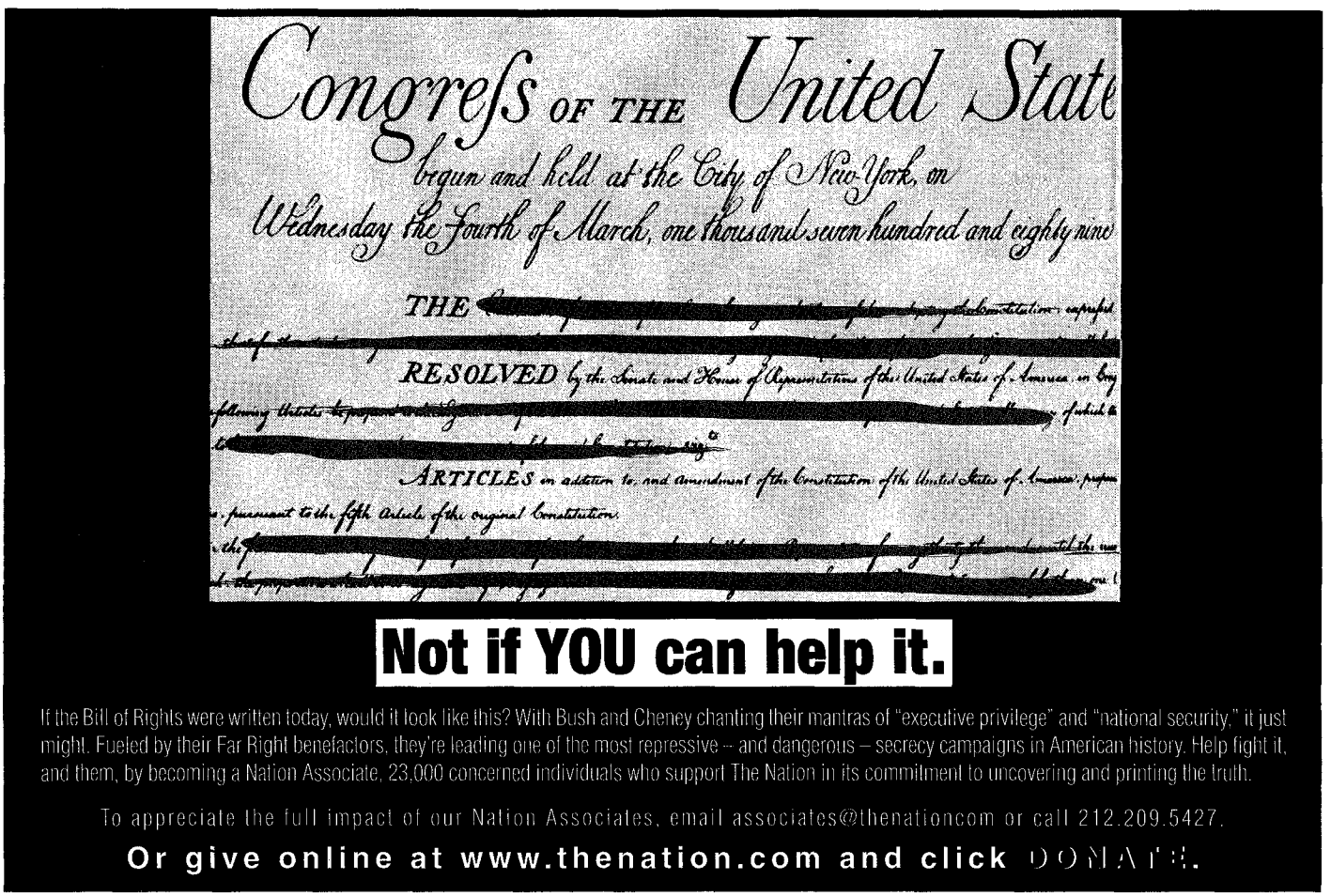
Logistics in the Reagan Administration Defense Department, where he administered about 70 percent of the largest line items in the federal budget. "A decrease in Latino enlistment numbers would make things very difficult for the armed forces, because they are the fastest-growing [minority] group in the country and they have a very distinguished record of service in the military. If I were Donald Rumsfeld, I would be very worried about the possibility of decreasing Latino numbers. I'd be thinking about how to make do with smaller numbers of troops or with further lowering standards for aptitude, age, education and other factors."

The centrality of Latinos to the military enterprise can be seen in statements by Pentagon officials like John McLaurin, Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Army for Human Resources, who stated that in order to meet recruitment goals, Latino enlistments must grow to 22 percent by the year 2025, when one in four Americans will be Latino. Two factors add to the urgency. One is that while Latinos make up only 13 percent of the active-duty forces, they also make up a fast-growing 16 percent of the 17- to 21-year-old population. In the eyes of Pentagon planners, this rapidly growing, relatively poor population is prime recruiting material. Latinos already in the military are concentrated in the low ranks of the Marines and the Army, serving in the high-casualty, high-risk jobs of front-line troops urgently needed in Iraq. The second factor driving the Latinization of the Pentagon's recruitment strategy is the decrease in African-American and women recruits. Since 2000 the percentage of African-American recruits has dropped from 23.5 percent to less than 14 percent, thanks to the widespread disaffection with the Iraq War—and good organizing—among parents and students in the black community.

And some preliminary indicators show that the Pentagon's efforts are paying off. Latino enlistment increased from 10.4 percent of new recruits in 2000 to 13 percent in 2004. According to University of Maryland military sociologist David Segal, however, the jury is still out on whether the Latino enlistment campaign will solve the Defense Department's recruitment problem in the mid to long term. A drop in Latino numbers could, Segal says, "plunge the military into an even deeper crisis. They will have to learn how to better recruit whites." He adds that "when antiwar efforts focus on recruitment, they're denying recruiters major access they desperately need."

The Bush adventure in Iraq has done much to foster anti-recruitment sentiment and create the "Latino unity" activists have dreamed of for decades. Beyond the anonymous, individualistic rejection of the war measured in recent polls of Latinos, a more vocal and active rejection of war and recruitment is taking hold on the ground, tapping into several currents of Latino political tradition. Vietnam veteran and University of San Diego professor Jorge Mariscal is among those working feverishly to cut Pentagon strings they feel yank young Latinos further and further into imperial entanglements. "We are trying to show the historical continuity of Latino protest against the exploitation of other Latinos in US wars of aggression," says Mariscal, considered by many to be the dean of Latino counterrecruitment efforts.

On August 29, 2004, Mariscal's organization, the Project on Youth and Non-Military Opportunities (YANO), and dozens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of other Latino groups launched a campaign to educate Latino parents and students about military recruitment in schools. A main focus was simply informing people that the No Child Left Behind Act, which allows recruiters access to student contact information, also contains an opt-out provision. The organizers chose to launch the campaign on August 29 because it was the anniversary of the Chicano Moratorium of 1970—the largest, most radical Latino antiwar, antirecruitment mobilization in US history. The campaign draws strength from the antimilitaristic traditions of US-born Latinos (especially Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans) as well as from the anti-*militarismo* traditions of more recent Latin American immigrants from such countries as El Salvador and the Dominican Republic.

While the war for young Latino hearts rages in all corners of the country, the strategic theater of battle for Latino bodies remains the Southwest, especially Southern California. A 2001 study by the US Army Recruiting Command (USAREC), for example, defined Los Angeles, the rest of Southern California, Phoenix and Sacramento as its top markets for Latino recruits. But California has also become the de facto heart of the nascent movement among US Latinos. Animating it is Fernando Suarez del Solar, a former student activist in Mexico who now lives in Escondido, California. Del Solar traces his struggle against the military to the moment he witnessed Mexican military personnel "push their bayonets into young men—and women" during a 1972 protest in the Zocalo, the central square of Mexico City. "That was my first encounter with *militarismo*."

Three decades later Del Solar took another, sharper turn against *militarismo* after his son, Jesus, a marine, died in Iraq in 2003. Since then, his denunciation of the "lies and half-truths" recruiters use on kids like Jesus has been unceasing. Because he can't shake images of how his then-13-year-old boy was first "seduced" by the trinkets, posters and ideas given to him by recruiters at a mall in National City, Del Solar works to educate other parents and students about recruitment and war.

Bemoaning the "lack of leadership among Latinos at the national level," Del Solar and others in the Latino counterrecruitment movement complain that national advocacy groups like the League of United Latin American Citizens and the National Council of La Raza are not only silent but complicit in finding fresh Latino bodies to feed the war machine. LULAC and NCLR do accept sponsorships from and provide forums for Pentagon promotion at some of their national conferences and local events. In their determination to meet what recruiting handbooks call "influencers," Marine, Army and other Defense Department personnel can be seen at LULAC and NCLR events either glad-handing or manning the recruitment Hummers, chin-up challenges, inflatable obstacle courses and other props in front of their trinket-stuffed information booths. To fill the void, Del Solar's organization, Guerrero Azteca, and Mariscal's group, YANO, have joined forces. They plan to convene a national meeting of Latino counterrecruitment organizations and leaders to connect the numerous efforts springing up across the country.

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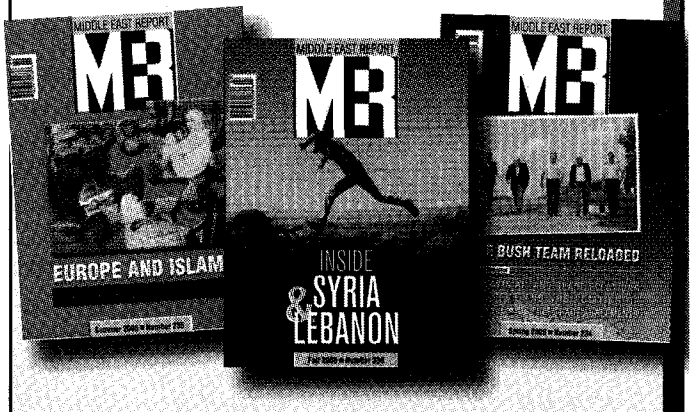

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Continuing the Latino recruitment focus that started with the Clinton Administration's Hispanic Access Initiative, the Pentagon has invested hundreds of millions of dollars to turn poor Latino neighborhoods and decrepit, Latino-heavy schools into soldier factories. Last year alone USAREC deployed five brigades, forty-one battalions, 5,648 recruiters and 1,690 recruiting stations. The military won't reveal what share of its recruitment resources is being targeted at Latinos, but it's clearly substantial. For Hispanic Heritage month, the Army is highlighting Hispanic soldiers in a massive ad campaign and a Congressional Medal of Honor tour of high schools across the country.

In Puerto Rico counterrecruiters have fanned out to all 200 of the island's high schools to deliver the antimilitaristic and opt-out messages to thousands of students there. "We are picketing recruitment offices and asking Puerto Rico's Department of Education to give us 'equal time' or 'equal access' so that we can go to the schools to talk to the students against military recruitment," says Jorge Colon, spokesperson for the Coalición Ciudadana en Contra del Militarismo (Citizen's Coalition Against Militarism), a broad-based network of labor, parent, teacher, student and other groups. Like Mariscal, Colon and other Puerto Ricans link current counterrecruitment efforts to antimilitaristic traditions; much of the energy and momentum of the successful movement to rid the island of Vieques of bombing and other military exercises has been transferred to the counterrecruitment effort.

In the northernmost corner of Washington State, Rosalinda Guillen is also drawing on tradition to combat what she sees as deception in the farmlands of Skagit and Whatcom counties, where recruiters are seeking to harvest new recruits among the Oaxacan and Chiapanecan Indians and Mexican, Salvadoran and Nicaraguan immigrants working the fields. Guillen, a former leader in the United Farm Workers, returned to her hometown to fight for Latino rights, including the right of youth to decline military service. "Recruiters are going into high schools. They're going after our young people and new immigrants," says Guillen, whose organization translates opt-out materials, does educational work and plans larger strategy to fight Latino recruitment.

Like many Latinos I spoke with, Guillen has one message for the larger progressive community, especially those fighting the war and recruitment: "White-led social justice programs and organizations need to do something. They need to make broader strokes to make sure they include Latinos, and they're not right now. All they need to do is help bring the resources and we can do the work like we always have." ■

THE OCCUPATION IS SEEN AS A CAUSE OF INSTABILITY & AN OBSTACLE TO IRAQI SOVEREIGNTY.

Iraqis Demand a US Withdrawal

DAVID ENDERS

As a persistent insurgency against the US occupation continued in the Sunni heartland of Iraq this summer, the world's attention was focused on the increasingly acrimonious negotiations over the text of a new Constitution. The failure of Shiite and Kurdish factions to find agreement with Sunni negotiators led to predictions of heightened support for the insurgency among the Sunni population and a determined campaign on their part to reject the Constitution in the October referendum. It would be reasonable to conclude from mainstream press accounts that opposition to the occupation is strong only in Sunni areas.

RYAN INZANA

In fact, with the notable exception of the Kurdish population, support for the American military among Iraqis is virtually nonexistent two and a half years after the overthrow of Saddam Hussein's government. Before January's elections, polls taken by Sadoun Dulaimi (now the country's defense minister) indicated that 85 percent of Iraqis wanted a US withdrawal "as soon as possible." On a recent trip to the country, this journalist found that dissatisfaction with the occupation has, if anything, grown.

There are a litany of reasons for this, from the postinvasion looting that occurred as US soldiers sat idle, to the abuses in Abu Ghraib prison, to the flattening of Falluja and the ongoing operations along the Euphrates River in the western part of Iraq, which inflict widespread destruction and casualties among the local population while failing to remove resistance fighters. Added to this is the frustrating lack of improvement in basic services like water and electricity and the fact that wherever US troops patrol, insurgent attacks and civilian loss of life are sure to follow.

Iraqis crave security and something approaching a normal life, but such goals remain elusive. Along the highways in southern, predominantly Shiite, Iraq, villages and towns have posted signs along the road requesting in English that the foreign troops remain outside their municipalities. "This is a peaceful area," one sign reads. "Please do not enter." In Baghdad al-Jadida, a middle-class neighborhood that was the site of a suicide car-bombing in July that killed one US soldier and twenty-seven children, mourning parents placed as much blame on the US troops, who were handing out candy, as they did on the man who had driven his car into the crowd.

"I think if you go back to the [January] election campaign, every list promised to provide security and help our friends in the multinational forces go home," said Adnan al-Janabi, one of the eighty-two members of the 275-member Iraqi National

David Enders is the author of Baghdad Bulletin *(Michigan).*

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Assembly who in June signed a letter calling for the withdrawal of the US military and other foreign forces. When pressed, most Assembly members will admit that it is less than ideal to have foreign troops in their country (since June several dozen more have informally indicated their agreement with the letter). The fact that only a minority of parliamentarians are calling for withdrawal is indicative of the groups that took part in the elections. Underrepresented in the signing of the letter, and in the Assembly itself, are members of the country's Sunni Arab community, most of whom did not participate in the elections for fear of retribution or out of a refusal to legitimize the process. If, as many of their leaders have urged, they participate in the October referendum on the Constitution and in the elections scheduled for December, the number of politicians seeking to hasten the speedy exit of US troops will certainly increase. Both those boycotting participation in the government and those in the armed resistance, mostly Sunni, have repeatedly demanded a timetable for withdrawal.

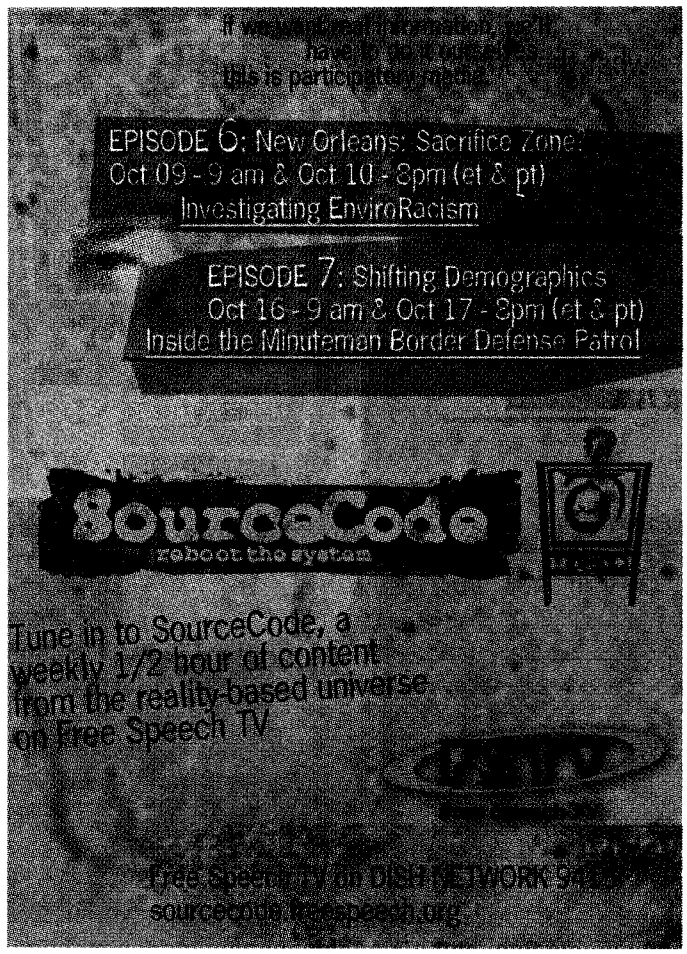
The movement for withdrawal is centered on a desire to restore full sovereignty to the Iraqi government, which at present does not have any jurisdiction over foreign troops. The US-dominated international force was officially "invited" to stay under an agreement last year between the US military and former US-appointed Prime Minister Iyad Allawi. The Transitional Administrative Law, the document that laid out the process by which the Governing Council was replaced by January's elections, grants the Assembly the right to negotiate a status of forces agreement governing the activities of foreign troops. Nonetheless, this past April the new prime minister, Ibrahim Jaafari, extended the Allawi agreement without putting the matter before the Assembly. This infuriated many Assembly members and led to the June letter, which reads in part:

> We have made an appeal that has been ignored by the National Assembly, and what's more serious is that the Iraqi government has asked the UN Security Council to prolong the period for the invader's troops without asking the representatives of the people, the National Assembly.... We, from the position of historical responsibility, refuse to legalize the invasion, and we ask once more to pull them out.

"I think you'll find that more than a majority of the National Assembly feels the prime minister has gone over our heads," said Janabi, a secular Sunni and a member of Allawi's Iraqi List, whose members are one component of the coalition for the pullout. But a large majority of that coalition is actually from the so-called Shiite list, or United Iraqi Alliance, which took 141 seats in the January elections. Thus the people the US occupation helped bring to power are now seeking to end the American presence.

On Assembly member Falah Hassan's desk in his small office in Sadr City, the vast Shiite slum of northeast Baghdad, sits a picture of a friend killed during the summer of 2004 in the fighting between the US military and the Madhi Army, the militia loyal to Muqtada al-Sadr. Sadr City is much quieter this summer, but anti-American sentiment is just as deep.

"Pulling out American troops from Iraq is the demand of the people of Iraq. In March millions of people came out to demonstrations seeking the pullout," said Hassan, a member of Sadr's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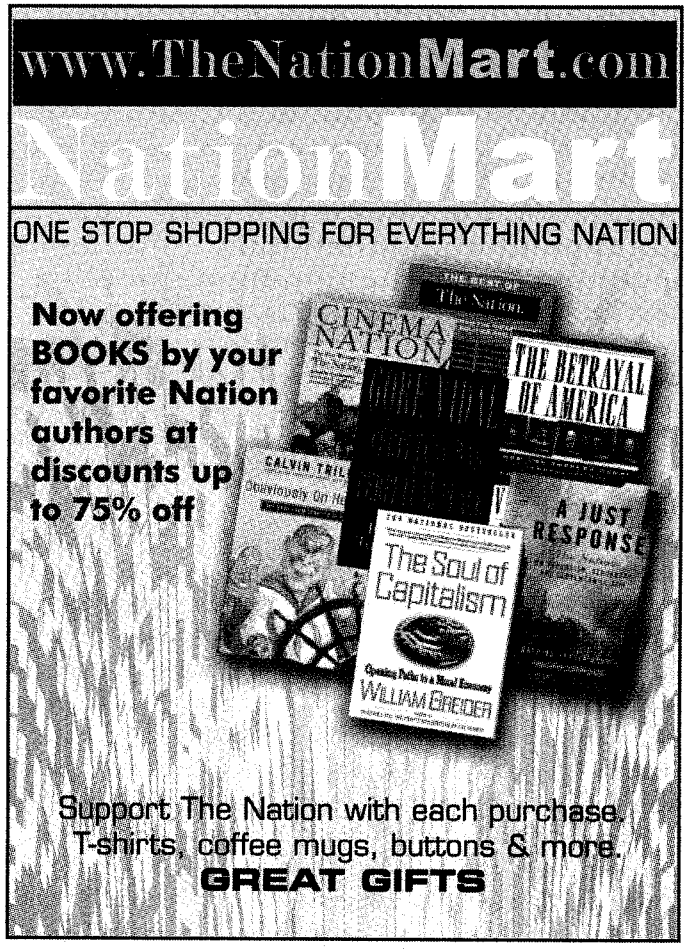
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party and the author of the June letter. Hassan's numbers are exaggerated, but certainly hundreds of thousands poured into the streets. The demonstrations were the largest the country had seen since the fall of Saddam Hussein. In July Sadr's office collected more than a million signatures in the span of a couple of weeks on a petition calling for withdrawal. "We are asking them to stop torturing and terrifying people and killing Iraqis," said Hassan.

A few weeks after the letter was circulated, the Assembly voted to create a sovereignty committee to meet with the defense and interior ministers to discuss drawing up a timeline for the rebuilding of Iraqi security forces and, potentially, for US withdrawal. While Hassan believes that the US government is purposely trying to prolong the military's stay in Iraq, other Iraqi politicians believe the public mood inside the United States is beginning to favor withdrawal. Many in the latter group, primarily Kurds and some Shiites, are ambivalent about a US departure and are afraid that full-scale civil war and chaos will result.

'We are asking them to stop torturing and terrifying people and killing Iraqis.'
—Shiite politician Falah Hassan

The Americans "have to have a schedule for their leaving Iraq, and have a schedule for the preparing of Iraqi forces and making an agreement for [the US] presence," said Salama al-Khafaji, a member of the largest Shiite party, the Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq (SCIRI). Khafaji wants an end to the occupation and is a signatory of the June letter, but, she said, "we want it to be a bilateral withdrawal." Khafaji, who chairs the Assembly's human rights committee, may be a gradualist on the question of withdrawal, but she is nonetheless deeply concerned about the detention facilities US troops operate independent of the Iraqi justice system. They now hold more than 10,000 prisoners in three major camps across the country, and 1,000–1,500 at any given time in smaller facilities on military bases. Abu Ghraib near Baghdad and Camp Bucca near Basra have become recruiting centers for the insurgency. "The prisoners in the prisons, they collect together, and the hardened ones teach the others how to become terrorists," she said.

Khafaji believes that serious moves toward a pullout will dry up recruitment efforts by jihadi groups. "It will affect those with extreme religious ideas," she said. "The Salafi, the Wahhabi. This will affect them, that American troops are having these types of aims and that they are going to withdraw. This will decrease their reasons to fight."

Jawad al-Maliky, a prominent member of Prime Minister Jaafari's Dawa Party, is also the head of the Assembly's defense subcommittee, to which the timetable measure will be referred. "We have the sovereignty on paper. In the meantime, we do not have sovereignty in the political or the economic arena," Maliky said, referring to US advisers in Baghdad's ministries. Maliky and other Assembly members say these advisers have veto power over allocation of finances and major policy decisions. "We would like things to get back to where they were under international law."

"We call this a 'leak in sovereignty,'" Hassan, the Sadr official, said with a wry smile. Bahaa al-Araji, an Assembly member who forwarded Hassan's letter to the US Congress and the UN, said he had received no response from either. Both Maliky and Hassan cite UN Security Council Resolution 1546, which recognized a sovereign Iraqi government as of the June 2004 "transition of power," as the basis for their motion calling for withdrawal.

In July Jaafari said US troops might be pulled out of some cities within six months, no doubt deferring to popular sentiment. Maliky denies there is pressure from the US side not to speak of withdrawal. But after Iraq's Kurdish president, Jalal Talabani, said in mid-September that as many as 50,000 US troops could be withdrawn by the end of 2005, he changed his tune at a joint White House press conference the next day, claiming he did not want to set a timetable.

"We have stood against Jaafari, who thinks the Americans should stay," said Fatah al-Sheik, a young politician from Sadr City and the editor of a newspaper that takes the Sadr line. Sheik, a fast-talking and engaging polemicist, has been arguing for a pullout on Arab satellite-news talk shows. He said Jaafari's supporters "are very much embarrassed to talk about this subject, because by prolonging the stay of the Americans, they do not recognize people's hopes. People want a promise that the Americans will leave. They were saying that we cannot ask for a pullout before building the security forces. We told them that we should have a timetable for withdrawal that is parallel to the buildup of Iraqi forces." Sheik's specific complaints about the occupation and the humiliating loss of sovereignty have great resonance with the public. "Give back the government's palace," he said, referring to Saddam Hussein's Republican Palace compound in the center of Baghdad, which has become the sprawling US-controlled Green Zone.

It is clear that Assembly members are beginning to feel pressure to address the issue. Hussain al-Shahristani, an Assembly member from the same coalition list of parties on which Maliky and Hassan ran in January's election, did not sign the June letter but bristles at the suggestion that he opposes it. "I am waiting for the recommendations of the defense subcommittee before expressing views or making recommendations," Shahristani said.

What Iraq will look like in the wake of a US withdrawal is uncertain. Already, Shiite political parties in the south, which is relatively stable in terms of violence against occupying forces and the government, have begun fighting one another for power, while police have turned a blind eye to extrajudicial killings and allegedly carried out some of their own. In the central region a low-level civil war is already taking place despite the presence of the US military, which has also failed to stop Kurds in the north from displacing Arabs and Turkmen in a bid to win a referendum on whether the oil city of Kirkuk should come under the administration of the autonomous Kurdish authority, which already runs three majority-Kurdish governorates in the north. The Iraqi army units trained and deployed by the United States in hostile cities like Falluja are made up of soldiers from other parts of the country, whom the locals accuse of oppressive tactics and random arrests. What is certain, say many Assembly members, is that the occupation has failed.

"I'm asking for a timetable for withdrawal of the Americans," says Abdul Karim al-Mohammedawi, a member of the sovereign-

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ty committee who spent more than a decade leading resistance fighters from the southern part of the country against Saddam's government. "They are not capable of keeping security in Iraq. The forces they have trained so far do not represent Iraqis."

Other Assembly members openly support armed resistance against US troops. "Denying the presence of US troops is lawful," says Batool Qassim, another signatory of the letter and a member of SCIRI. "We do not find that the American people are doing anything to make the situation better. We ask that they help us in persuading their Administration to pull out." ■

FOR SOUTHERN PROGRESSIVES, NEW ORLEANS MEANT MORE THAN PARTIES AND POVERTY.

Bohemia's Last Frontier

CURTIS WILKIE

If the restoration of New Orleans fails as miserably as its rescue, the nation will have lost not only a cultural treasure but an important enclave of progressive values and Democratic strength in the Deep South.

RYAN INZANA

From the time French explorers claimed a clearing for a settlement along the massive river three centuries ago, New Orleans existed as a place distinctly different from the rest of the country. There was nothing remotely Puritan about its early years. A strong hint of the pagan could be smelled in the air, and in modern times the city became a refreshing detour off the Bible Beltway. While the rest of the region exercised piety, New Orleans honored tolerance. In New Orleans, wine, women and song were not synonymous with sin; gay people found refuge; and racially mixed couples were acceptable at a time when there were laws against miscegenation in neighboring states.

New Orleans was not without the racial tensions and urban problems that grip other American municipalities. Its public schools had deteriorated badly, presenting an image as shameful as its gang-infested housing projects. In the days since Katrina struck, the world has been exposed to New Orleans' saddest and seamiest side: the inequities that trapped the poor in neighborhoods vulnerable to flooding, the distrust that troubled relations between blacks and whites. New Orleans was always a poor place; that's why the blues resonated so clearly here. Yet a dogged live-and-let-live spirit helped the city transcend its difficulties and persevere as one of the last resorts for romantics.

Though a polyglot army of pirates and militiamen fought a famous battle a few miles down the river at the end of the War of 1812, New Orleans was not known to be bellicose like its sister cities in the South. The city surrendered without a fight at the beginning of the Civil War and endured its occupation with characteristic élan. Residents painted the visage of Union General Benjamin Butler on the bottom of their chamber pots and dumped the morning contents on the heads of Yankee soldiers from the same balconies where their descendants would fling Mardi Gras beads a century later. That was the extent of the resistance. New Orleans did not suffer from the hard-core Confederacy complex that still contributes to the South's conservatism. The city got over the war and went about the business of growing as a cosmopolitan port.

The city harbored slave markets in the first half of the nineteenth century. But even before Emancipation, New Orleans had a bourgeois class known as "free gentlemen of color." Many came from the Caribbean, spoke French and supported a network of educators, musicians and writers. After Reconstruction, African-Americans and Creoles gained a foothold in New Orleans more rapidly than elsewhere in the South. Well before the Voting Rights Act of 1965, New Orleans blacks voted in large numbers, encouraged by the quirky populist regime of Huey Long, which controlled Louisiana during the Depression. The city's black society sent out two sons, Maynard Jackson and Andrew Young, who became mayors of Atlanta. By the mid-1970s the black majority had gained political supremacy in New Orleans as well, resulting in a succession of black mayors that continues to this day.

Disgruntled whites shuffled off to suburbs in Jefferson and St. Tammany parishes, and their departure left the city increasingly in the hands of blacks and whites unperturbed by racial fears. When David Duke, the wizard of a faction of the Ku Klux Klan, wound up in a runoff for governor of Louisiana in 1991, he was rejected overwhelmingly in New Orleans, where 87 percent voted for the eventual winner, Edwin Edwards. A year later the New Orleans vote provided Bill Clinton's margin of victory in Louisiana.

Politics in New Orleans has been a byproduct of a way of life that grew out of the city's history. While much of the South was being settled by Calvinistic Scots-Irish immigrants, New Orleans developed as home for a mélange of ethnic backgrounds. French and Spanish flags flew over the city before the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. Slavery brought thousands from Africa. Then came the Irish and Italian laborers, German businessmen, Greek restaurateurs and merchants from the Middle East. By the beginning of the twentieth century New Orleans stood as a largely Roman Catholic island in a sea of Southern Baptists. A strong, stable Jewish population provided more leavening. The Rev. Jimmy Swaggart might prosper down Airline Highway in Baton Rouge, but New Orleans was hostile territory for the tent

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revivalists and braying fundamentalist demagogues.

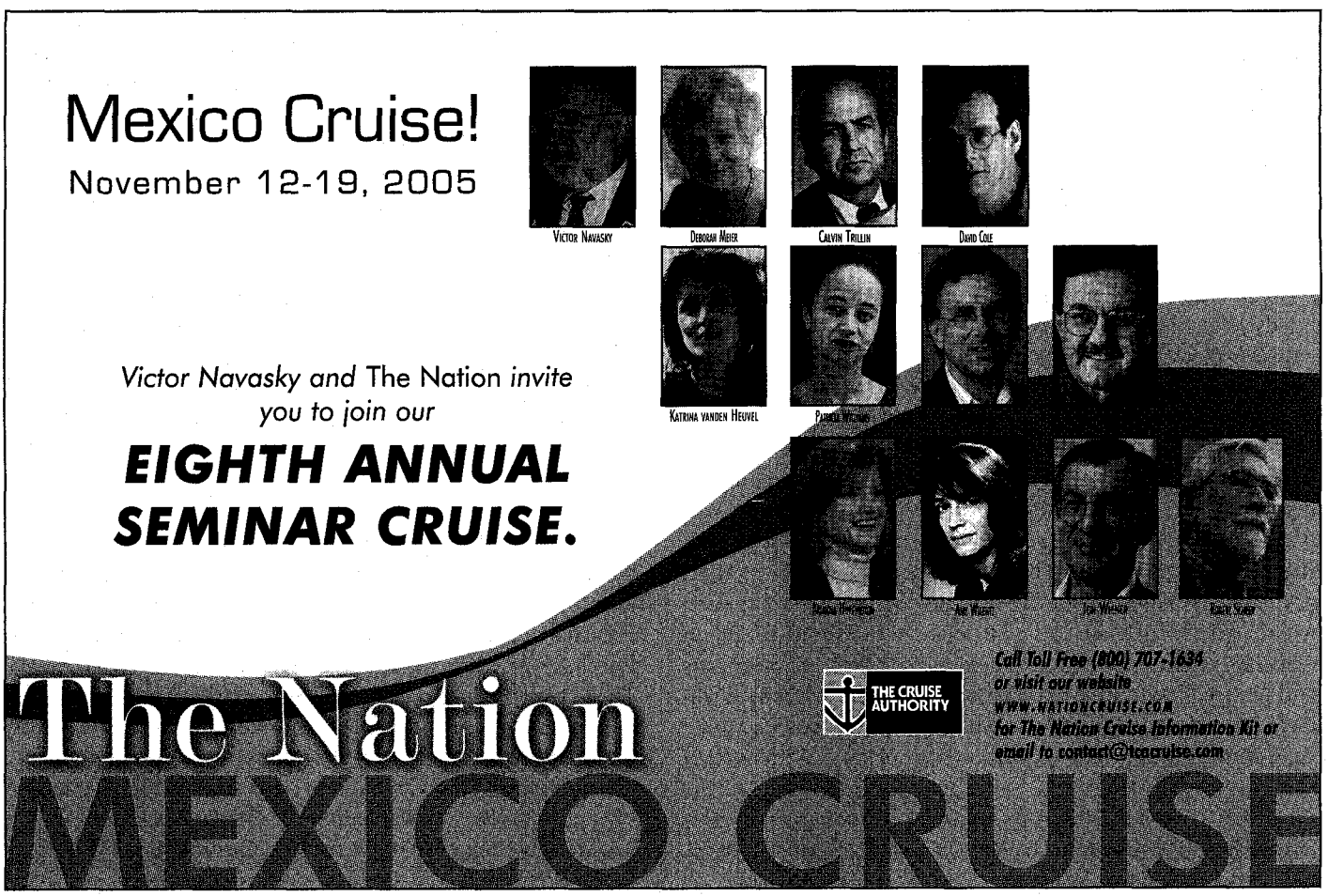
From its site in the deepest part of the South, New Orleans acted as an anti-Montgomery, offering an antithesis to the Southern stereotypes of redneck sheriffs, moonlight and magnolias. And it stubbornly resisted modern homogenization. New Orleans was a city of idiosyncrasies, sweeping from the palatial mansions along the St. Charles Avenue streetcar line to the rundown bungalows and shotgun houses in the working-class wards. Much of the architecture in the fabled French Quarter either reflected a Spanish influence or consisted of Creole cottages built in the Caribbean style. Despite its name, the Quarter was actually a residential neighborhood for Sicilian families for most of the past century, until it was discovered by artists and writers and antiestablishment characters such as Ruthie the Duck Girl, an elderly woman who kept a duck on a leash and cadged drinks in the corner bars.

In *Faulkner*, Joseph Blotner's biography, the author writes of how the aspiring Mississippi novelist and others were attracted to New Orleans after World War I. These "young artists in revolt and champions of the arts" were reacting, Blotner says, to H.L. Mencken's scornful 1917 essay "The Sahara of the Bozart." They felt Mencken's theory could be disproved in New Orleans.

The South, Mencken had claimed, was a cultural wasteland. "In all that gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate," Mencken wrote, "there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or a single opera-house, or a single theater devoted to decent plays, or a single monument that is worth looking at." Yet in New Orleans there were museums and orchestras and theaters. And the city nurtured writers, from Kate Chopin and Lillian Hellman to early Faulkner and Sherwood Anderson and, later, to Walker Percy and Richard Ford. Tennessee Williams called the French Quarter, the neighborhood he chose as his home, "the last frontier of Bohemia."

Before the storm New Orleans hosted two literary festivals: one linked to Faulkner, the other to Williams. The latter featured a contest for those who felt they could shout "Stella!" the loudest, a slightly refined example of street theater.

New Orleans could be raunchy. The striptease joints on Bourbon Street were tolerated for tourists' sake. But New Orleans preferred its own kind of spectacle, using the slightest excuse for a parade. St. Patrick's Day. St. Joseph's Day. Anybody's birthday. Hundreds of transvestites in outrageous drag marched every Labor Day in connection with an event called "Southern Decadence Weekend." To tweak the wealthy barons of Uptown, who bankrolled Mardi Gras through their private krewes—as they called the organizations responsible for the lavish carnival floats—commoners organized a rump parade called the "Krewe of Barkus." It involved several thousand hounds of all description parading through the French Quarter. Most famously, New Orleans turned a religious event into a bacchanal, spending the two weeks leading to Lent in revelry as boisterous as the celebrations in Venice and Rio de Janeiro. Lent, when it came, was not observed faithfully, abstinence not being in the New Orleans manner. Bars were open 24/7 and drinking permitted on the street. The city actually had an ordi-



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nance requiring bartenders to furnish plastic takeout containers known locally as Go-cups.

The celebrities in New Orleans were chefs, men and women who enjoyed a higher place in the city's pantheon than sports figures, political leaders or television personalities. New Orleanians talked about eating like Bostonians talk baseball. Visitors might have known about Antoine's and Commander's Palace, but locals knew Mandina's and Casamento's. The native cuisine was Creole—not to be confused with Cajun—and many of the ingredients came from the nearby Gulf. There was nothing bland about it. Even the lesser dishes were unique: the gigantic Muffuletta sandwich built with cold-cut salami and ground olives, the Po' Boys bulging with fried oysters, the Lucky Dogs that gave sustenance to millions of late-night drunks. (Oh, that Ignatius J. Reilly, the purveyor of Lucky Dogs in *A Confederacy of Dunces*, could see his city now.)

As much as New Orleans loved good food, it moved to music. Gospel. Folk. Funk. Blues. Rock 'n' roll. Jazz was born here, and when someone died here there was no better sendoff than a jazz funeral beginning with soulful dirges and ending in an explosion of colorful umbrellas and an upbeat version of "When the Saints Go Marching In." New Orleanians appreciated good music—Mencken be damned. They were connoisseurs of the improvisation or the backbeat. They knew that Kermit Ruffins blew his horn on Thursday night at an out-of-the-way spot in the Bywater section. That Aaron Neville sang carols a cappella on Christmas Eve at a church on Rampart Street.

Suddenly, the sounds are silent, the streets still, the people dispersed. Merriment has given way to lamentation, and no one knows when the good times will roll again. ■

EXCHANGE
CONTINUED

(Continued from Page 2)

on a bed, wearing a Catholic-school uniform. Landesman's claim that this is all she possessed in the world is coy: Much deeper in his article is a photo of the same girl walking in the courtyard of her home and wearing bluejeans. I stand by my characterization and note that "suggestive" is rather mild compared with language used by Landesman's own paper. Daniel Okrent, the *Times* ombudsman when "The Girls Next Door" came out, faulted the cover (and the article) for "presentational excess." He also called Landesman's work "inflamed." And when I fact-checked a section of the piece recently, I discovered it was worse than that. It was also shamefully, dangerously sloppy.

Several press critics have noted Landesman's failure to find even one coerced or underage immigrant prostitute in the United States; they've also wondered about his plethora of apocryphal sounding passages. One concerns an outdoor brothel that used to operate in a reed-filled riverbed in San Diego County—and has been widely publicized by Southern California media since late 2001. Landesman visited it a couple of years ago with a sheriff's deputy, but no one was there. In "The Girls Next Door" he describes the deputy giving him a secondhand account of the place from a tipster: "A local health care worker had heard rumors about Mexican immigrants using the reeds for sex and came down to offer condoms and advice. She had found more than 400 men and 50 young women between 12 and 15 dressed in tight clothing and high heels. There was a separate group of a dozen girls no more than 11 or 12 wearing white communion dresses."

Mass farmworker pedophilia? Communion dresses? It sounds so urban mythic, I wondered why Landesman hadn't just bypassed the sheriff and contacted the health worker. Poking around Google, I quickly located lots of old news coverage about the camp, including interviews with a very public and talkative Liz Pleitez-Christie. She used to work for the local Planned Parenthood doing AIDS-prevention education for migrants. The sheriff's deputy told me that yes, she was the tipster. I had no trouble locating her. She said she'd never heard from Landesman.

"A volunteer health worker who also worked in the fields told me about the camp," Pleitez-Christie recalled. "It went on every Sunday; we attended weekly for months. There were never more than twenty-five or thirty women, and the vast majority looked to be 17 to 50 years old. On one occasion I saw four or five 14- and 15-year-olds. And once, only once, I saw one girl, maybe two, who I thought might be as young as 12 or 13, though I couldn't be sure." Did Pleitez-Christie ever see girls in communion dresses? "No! Never." Did they perhaps have on innocent, little-girl-looking clothes? "They dressed like the others: in Spandex and heavy makeup."

The sheriff's deputy never sees these camps up close, says Pleitez-Christie; when law enforcement officials approach, everyone scatters. But, she notes, health workers are trusted by the pimps and prostitutes, and they still regularly visit. Landesman could have gone with them for a firsthand look. He wouldn't have seen white communion dresses or mobs of middle-school-aged children, but he might have witnessed some actual trafficking, even of a handful of minors. That reality is "upsetting enough," says Pleitez-Christie.

Instead, Landesman took a fantasy, spun it as truth and conjured dozens of fictional child sex slaves. These phantasms might not be so troubling if they merely sullied the reputation of Landesman and the *New York Times*. But they'll probably also contaminate databases, NGO reports, even government policy.

The problem is perfectly illustrated by Landesman's claim that I erred in writing that anti-trafficking activist Kevin Bales depends heavily on news clips to calculate the ratio of forced sex workers to those doing other coerced work. Again, the assertion is mystifying: The e-mail Landesman got from Bales clearly states that media items are an important component of the tallies. Bales wrote the same thing in "Hidden Slaves," a widely distributed report published late last year. And in another report, he praises press reports as being "by far the largest source of information" for researchers like himself.

So what happens when the news clips are populated with "sex slaves" who don't exist? So far, Bales apparently hasn't included Landesman's imaginary victims in his calculations (his database stops with clips dated late 2003, and "The Girls Next Door" was published in early 2004). Still, he regularly publicizes his belief that sex trafficking prevails over other types, worldwide. State Department Ambassador Miller concurs, saying there is "ample evidence." But an article by UNESCO trafficking expert David Feingold, in the latest issue of *Foreign Policy*, disagrees, as does a new rep ort from the International Labor Organization. Miller also claims that sex trafficking predominates here in the States. His evidence? It's Bales's statistics, according to testimony Miller gave earlier this year at a House of Representatives hearing.

The media quote Miller's claims, and Bales's, then go looking for more sex trafficking while ignoring victims of other forced work. And from the new press clips that result, researchers will no doubt generate new tallies. It's only a matter of time before Landesman's nonexistent victims get into the calculations.

Meanwhile, groups who have real knowledge of trafficking victims—like health workers who do AIDS-prevention education and even tip off law enforcement about trafficking—are losing their funding because the Bush Administration marks prostitution as a special evil and demands that activists specially denounce it to get grants. (To see a critique that human rights experts have made about the research Miller and the State Department cite to characterize the harms of prostitution, click on "Letter to State Dept." at www.genderhealth.org.

Sloppy counts and accounts will not help end the real problem of trafficking. Instead, they make for really bad public policy—and terrible journalism. DEBBIE NATHAN

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COMMENT

(*Continued From Page 8*)

gressive Era was well under way, the marches broadened public support for efforts to uplift the poor and placed the question of poverty, and the federal government's obligation to combat it, front and center in the presidential campaign of 1912.

"I have worked in the slums of New York," wrote Margaret Sanger, "but I have never found children who were so uniformly ill-nourished, ill-fed and ill-clothed." Today, as in 1912, the shameful (and growing) presence of poverty has been thrust from invisibility onto the center stage of national discussion. Let's hope the country finally awakens to the consequences of years of trickle-down economics, tax cuts for the rich, privatization of public responsibilities and the demonization of government and the poor.

ERIC FONER

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NYU's Poison Ivy Itch

The public sidewalk in front of NYU's Bobst Library has hosted many protests, but the August 31 rally in support of the graduate teaching assistants union (GSOC-UAW) was especially well crafted. The protesters (more than 1,000 strong) had come to vent at the NYU administration's self-serving use of an antilabor ruling by Bush's NLRB to deep-six the union. Their rage was also fueled by the cynical timing of the NYU announcement—during the still of the summer recess—and by the dearth of any serious consultation with faculty, staff or students over the decision. The rally itself was capped by the spectacle of some of the labor movement's top people being cuffed by the NYPD for blocking the entrance to Bobst, which houses the offices of the university's senior officials. AFL-CIO president John Sweeney, UNITE HERE president Bruce Raynor, UAW secretary-treasurer Elizabeth Bunn and a bevy of ranking regional officers from the UAW joined several high-profile New York City and state politicians and more than seventy graduate students from NYU, Columbia and Yale inside the paddy wagons. Faculty, students and trade unionists from all over the metro region were there to cheer them on.

The overall message was loud and clear: This was the start of a very public campaign. When one of New York's biggest and most liberal institutions gets into the business of unionbusting, it is hardly an internal matter. Communities all over the city have a rightful stake in this decision, and local politicians were quick to warn NYU administrators that there would be consequences. In a punitive response, the City Council has already denied some of NYU's customary annual requests for special dispensations.

But it was the presence of labor's big guns from Detroit and Washington that confirmed the national significance of the NYU face-off. Coming so soon after the schismatic AFL-CIO convention, it might be tempting to interpret their presence as a strenuous effort to show that the organization had not missed a beat (nor could it be ignored that the UAW affiliation of the students was far removed from the "core industry" model favored by the breakaway Change to Win Coalition). To some ears, at least, Sweeney's pledge of undying support to a group of graduate students from all his organization's affiliates sounded hyperbolic. Yet there were good reasons why NYU has become a focus of high-level attention.

GSOC was the first graduate union to win recognition at a private university, and its four-year contract, which ended August 31, was widely viewed as the beachhead for labor's advance on a hitherto unapproachable white-collar sector. As organizing drives picked up at Brown, Columbia and Yale, the Ivies looked to Bush appointees on the NLRB to reverse a 2000 ruling that NYU graduate assistants were "employees" with the right to organize. They got what they wanted in summer 2004 with a decision against Brown students, and the heat was on NYU to play along. In meetings earlier this year with both the graduate student council and city officials, NYU president John Sexton acknowledged that he had been "getting pressure from other universities." There was little doubt where the pressure was coming from. NYU has been upwardly mobile in the last decade, and its executives are eager for acceptance among the varsity elite. But it lacks a ruling-class pedigree and, some old hands would say, the unyielding backbone that comes with it. On the last three occasions that unions at NYU have threatened strikes (clerical employees, adjunct faculty and the embryonic GSOC), the administration has caved in and negotiated contracts. We may see a similar scenario this fall, though it will probably take a prolonged GSOC strike and a steady barrage of public pressure to make that happen. Such actions will be well supported by the faculty, a clear majority of whom have backed the union in widely circulated petitions and letters of dissent against the positions taken by the university leadership.

If the NYU administration backs down and restores the contract, it will be stepping outside the legal orbit of the NLRB. Not only will this be a great victory for the cause of organizing in the academic ranks, it will also be a pregnant development for the labor movement. Even at the best of times, working through the NLRB is a chronically frustrating process that many labor advocates would like to circumvent. Indeed, it is becoming respectable in some quarters to argue that organizing should simply disregard the NLRB process—too lengthy, too obstacle-ridden and too insulting to anyone's sense of self-representation or the democratic process. The UAW's Bunn was quick to point out that "there were labor unions long before there was an NLRB." The GSOC struggle will be a test case, in academe, for the kind of strategy that forward-looking unions have been pioneering in other sectors. NYU, after all, is a weak pressure point because it is not exactly (or not yet) a corporate-style employer. As Sweeney put it in his speech at the rally, the unionbuster here is not "a corporate criminal with no ethics but an institution that shares our own values, or has done so in the past." If those values have any hope of being reasserted at universities like NYU, then administrators and trustees will have to be forcefully reminded of the fragile, but intuitive, fraternity between the lecture hall and the union hall.

ANDREW ROSS

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

On Everything

WILLIAM DERESIEWICZ

ON BEAUTY.
By Zadie Smith.
Penguin Press. 445 pp. $25.95.

Facility is the most dubious of gifts. *On Beauty* is Zadie Smith's third novel in the past five years (she's still only 30), and it boosts her total page count above 1,200. Hers is clearly a mind that teems with characters, plots, situations, ideas. What she seems to lack, however, is a sense of restraint—or, more to the point, a sense of form. In the acknowledgments, she thanks her editors, "without whom this book would be longer and worse." The phrase suggests horrors. Given how long and rambling and thematically incoherent the novel is in its final form, one can only imagine what the manuscript must have looked like.

The problem may be fame as much as facility. It can't be easy to rein in a writer as successful as Smith, and with the level of acclaim she's achieved, it can't be easy to curb oneself, either. Her debut novel, *White Teeth*, was received with a frenzy of adulation: Showered with awards and translated into more than twenty languages, it vaulted its author into the forefront of young British novelists. Smith's personal story didn't hurt: The 24-year-old daughter of an English father and Jamaican mother, she'd signed the book deal while still at Cambridge. Her looks didn't hurt, either: Smith takes a great publicity shot. In fact, her ascent was part of the late-'90s fad for beautiful young women novelists with Commonwealth roots (itself a subset of the post–cold war globalization frenzy). Smith made a third with Arundhati Roy, whose *God of Small Things* won the Booker Prize in 1997, and Jhumpa Lahiri, whose *Interpreter of Maladies*, published in 1999, won the Pulitzer Prize the following year.

Did these works live up to their billing? Roy's certainly did. *The God of Small Things* is an undoubted masterpiece, the finest debut novel in the language since Thomas Pynchon's *V.* in 1963. Unfortunately, at least for literature, Roy has turned to political activism and may never write a novel again. *Interpreter of Maladies* is a more difficult case. Its nine stories exhibit a high degree of competence, but it's the kind of competence that makes you want to call for the abolition of writing programs (not to mention the Pulitzer Prize for fiction). The pieces in *Interpreter of Maladies* are crafted—no, machine-tooled—to within a millimeter of their tiny, calculating lives; their writing-handbook devices—the inciting event, the governing symbol, the wry turn, the final epiphany—arrive one after another, exactly on time, with the subtlety of a pit bull and the spontaneity of a digital clock. Lahiri has since published *The Namesake*, a dull, studied, pallid novel that says remarkably little about the immigrant experience while elaborately fetishizing the consumption patterns of the liberal upper-middle class.

Smith's mind teems with characters, plots, situations, ideas. What she seems to lack is a sense of restraint—a sense of form.

And *White Teeth*? The novel is certainly impressive, especially for a young, first-time author, but not for the obvious reasons. The hypercaffeinated tone, which is supposed to come across as exuberant and sassy, is slick and glib and ultimately exhausting, a salesman's relentless enthusiasm. The sprawling multifamily plot, while admirable for its ambition, is also a gigantic mess, to which the novel's many divisions and subdivisions (each with its catchy little title) give only the illusion of coherence. The postcolonial thematics—history, memory, identity, hybridity—which could have seemed fresh only to someone who'd been living in a cave for twenty years, are served up with the baldness of an undergraduate essay. And all of this, along with the novel's postmodern coin tricks, is so

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obviously a Rushdie rip-off it's excruciating. But *White Teeth* exhibits two great strengths, neither of them the kind one expects from so young a writer: the acuteness of its social satire and the brilliance with which it inhabits perspectives utterly different from its author's. Smith gives us aging Indian waiters, bookish teenagers, high-handed liberal moms and a dozen or two others, all with a wicked ear for dialogue and a gimlet eye for the dodges and poses of the social comedy. This was not your typical first novel. *White Teeth* wasn't a great work, as so many claimed, but it was a work of great promise.

In the unjustly maligned *Autograph Man*, her sophomore effort, Smith began to fulfill that promise. By narrowing her scope, she not only created a more thematically coherent and architecturally streamlined work but also got closer to her material. Her characters are more deeply felt, more intimately known, than in *White Teeth*, and so seem more autonomous and unpredictable, less an emanation of their creator's ideas—and this without Smith's having forsworn her satiric edge or the comic sparks she's so deft at striking off it. The earlier novel's arm-waving self-consciousness has moderated into a bracing wit and snap that's akin to Martin Amis's, but not so much as to seem derivative. And Smith's uncanny ability to intuit her way into minds radically different from her own is even more startlingly on display. The novel's protagonist is a young Jewish man, and Smith writes from inside his perspective so convincingly—including, ironically, his familiar Jewish obsession with dividing everything in the world into "Jewish" and "goyish"—that she seems to have been inhabiting it her entire life. Whatever value Smith may be thought to have as a poster girl for multiculturalism, her work is a stunning refutation of all attempts to partition culture or consciousness along any such lines: male and female; gay and straight; black, brown, yellow and white (or Christian and Muslim, for that matter, the Allies and Axis of the cultural right). The empire of the spirit brooks no Balkanization.

It's all the more disappointing, then, that *On Beauty* is so feeble. Instead of building on the strengths of *The Autograph Man*, Smith has fallen back into the weaknesses of *White Teeth*, but without recovering its particular strengths. The satirical eye is still there—Smith is unfailingly great at rendering the texture of social and especially family life, its moment-by-moment play of habit and hypocrisy, self-dramatization and self-pity—though without generating the same humor as before. The narrative voice is also flatter, less exuberant and inventive. And while *On Beauty* is as long as *White Teeth*, it has neither the earlier novel's scope nor its ambition. *White Teeth* was an attempt to bite off the whole of contemporary English society, or at least a healthy chunk of it, by telling the stories of three interlinked families. *On Beauty* tells of only one family, their story stands for nothing beyond itself, and the novel goes on as long as it does out of nothing more than an aimless search for its own stopping point.

Despite its multicultural cachet, Smith's work is a stunning refutation of all attempts to partition culture along ethnic or racial lines.

The Belseys are a mixed-raced family living in Wellington, a fictional college town near Boston. Howard is an English academic with working-class roots, Kiki an African-American with roots in Florida. He's coping with his inability to finish a long-delayed monograph on Rembrandt; she's coping with the extra hundred or so pounds she's put on in the last few years. Their children—Jerome, nearing graduation from Brown; Zora, just starting at Wellington; and Levi, still immured in prep school—are trying out various flavors of adolescent rebellion. The novel follows them around each in turn, picking up various characters and plot lines—Choo, a Haitian immigrant whom Levi gloms onto; Carl, a young rapper from Roxbury whom Zora gets a crush on; Monty Kipps, a right-wing West Indian scholar and Howard's archrival, who comes to town as a visiting professor—plays with them for a while, and then drops them. Possibilities hinted at remain undeveloped, confrontations elaborately prepared for pass by undramatized. We get a raft of familiar narrative gambits—infidelity, academic politics, fish out of water—but no center, nothing that holds the novel together except the fact that its main characters belong to the same family.

As the foregoing description suggests, Smith hasn't cast her imagination as widely as usual. Mixed-race families and West Indians are very close to home for her. As for Bostonian academics, she spent some time at Harvard after finishing *The Autograph Man*. There's nothing wrong with this, of course, but it has the paradoxical effect of making her figures less real. It seems in retrospect that Smith came to know her characters in *The Autograph Man* so intimately precisely because she had to work so hard to know them at all. Here, the more time we spend with Howard and the rest, the less they seem like people with real emotional lives and a genuine capacity to take their creator by surprise, the more like mere types: the pretentious university brat (Zora), the self-hating middle-class black kid (Levi), the right-wing hypocrite (Monty). Even Howard, the central figure, ends up as little more than a straw man, the midget academic who realizes he's wrong about everything. For this is, alas, a campus novel—yes, another one—and it hits the same clichés as all the rest: sex with students, sex with colleagues, petty jealousy, bureaucratic infighting, political correctness. Smith might at least have bothered to get the basics right: Undergraduates don't write dissertations, people don't come up for tenure after decades as professors, especially not if they already have named chairs, and no one who's still tenureless at 57 is going to get hired by Columbia, or anyplace else.

On Beauty derives its name, as well as the name of its final chapter, from Elaine Scarry's *On Beauty and Being Just*. Any further connection between the two texts remains obscure, beyond the very general and intermittent interest the novel shows in its titular subject. In fact, as sloppy as its plot is (and one would have thought that the least a novel called *On Beauty* could have done was try to be beautiful), its thematic structure is even more of a mess. Or to put it simply, this is a book that seems to have no idea what it wants to be about: Beauty? Religion? Family dynamics? Racial identity? Political ideology? By trying to deal with all of these things, Smith ends up dealing with none of them.

She also doesn't help her cause by inviting comparison to E.M. Forster. *On Beauty*'s opening scenes replay, even parody, the opening scenes of *Howards End* ("One may as well begin with Jerome's e-mails to his father," etc.). The rivalry between "Kipps and Belsey" (the title of the first chapter) is offered as an updated version of the conflict between Schlegel and Wilcox, with Jerome in the Helen role, Kiki as Margaret, Monty's wife as Mrs. Wilcox and Howard (Howard!) as Aunt Juley. But once this initial ploy runs its course, Smith more or less loses

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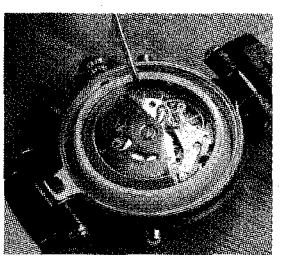

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interest in everything the earlier novel has to say. Kiki and Mrs. Kipps do eventually re-enact the relationship between Margaret and the dying Mrs. Wilcox (with a valuable painting standing in for *Howards End* itself), and Monty remains Howard's antagonist, but the point and power of Forster's oppositions and crossings are utterly lost. Schlegel and Wilcox embody two antithetical approaches to life—liberalism versus the business ethos—and their encounter drives the novel. Helen, initially attracted to the Wilcoxes' energy and decision, is propelled by self-righteous fury into a disastrous relationship with Leonard Bast, a young clerk, while Margaret, in finally marrying her friend's widower, comes to intuit that "Schlegel" and "Wilcox" must balance each other if a fully authentic relationship to one's society is to be achieved. Forster, the great liberal, is challenging liberalism at its core, and nothing less than the future of England is at stake.

But Smith fritters all this away. Jerome, having served his function, all but drops out of the novel, while Leonard is only faintly echoed in Carl, the Roxbury rapper. Where the passing of the estate to Margaret signifies, in Lionel Trilling's phrase, "who shall inherit England," the passing of the painting to Kiki signifies, well, nothing. Most important, Kipps and Belsey never achieve a synthesis the way Schlegel and Wilcox do—and if they had, it wouldn't have meant anything anyway. Howard may be a leftist postmodernist and Monty a religious conservative, but these are merely positions they espouse, not large social principles they embody. In fact, as professors, they occupy the exact same position within society—embody, willy-nilly, the same values—and their clash amounts to an academic pissing match. Nothing more than the future of Howard is at stake. Smith avows in her acknowledgments that "all my fiction is indebted" to Forster. Her word for what she does to him here is *hommage*. A better one might be *dommage*. ■

Midnight Rambler

LEE SIEGEL

SHALIMAR THE CLOWN. By Salman Rushdie. Random House. 398 pp. $25.95.

By now, there is something ritualistic about reviewing a novel by Salman Rushdie. Reviewers often begin by declaring Rushdie's genius as a teller of flamboyant tales. They note his trademark style of interweaving ancient myth, old story and contemporary incident. They praise his eclectic fabulizing and invoke the novels *Midnight's Children* and *Shame* as Edenic perfections of Rushdie's storytelling gifts. Then they recount Ayatollah Khomeini's calls for the novelist's assassination as punishment for the latter's disrespect toward Islam in the novel *The Satanic Verses*, and Rushdie's years in hiding, and his anger and bitterness, and the lifting of Khomeini's *fatwa*, and Rushdie's re-emergence. The paradise of early achievement, the hubristic fall, redemption—such an arc is the grandiose way some people like to describe Rushdie's journey, which they also like to suggest mirrors the mythic trajectories of his novels. And then they venture to say, with varying degrees of delicacy, that Rushdie himself has begun to see his path through life in similarly fantastical terms, with disappointing artistic consequences.

Indeed, since *The Satanic Verses* Rushdie's novels have become more self-consciously public, more ramped-up with the desire to speak in something like world-historical terms. Yet his expanding ambitions seem like unconscious attempts at covering up Rushdie's lack of interest in his own art. The lofty, world-historical generalizations seem like a way to impatiently dismiss the world, and also to wave off art's requirements of patience and subtlety.

It has almost become a sadness to review a novel by Rushdie. He has such a wonderful fictionalizing mind, and *Midnight's Children* and *Shame*—in particular *Shame*, his best novel, with its deft fusion of political parable and psychological intimacy—are beautifully written books, whose plentiful meanings are impossible to formulate outside the tales in which they are embodied. But the sprawling, generalizing, connection-drawing Rushdie of *The Moor's Last Sigh* and *The Ground Beneath Her Feet* and especially the barely readable *Fury* imposes a presumptuous clarity on experience. Early on in *Shalimar the Clown*, a character states the novel's theme—in that unstable half-authorial voice that seems increasingly to speak through Rushdie's principal characters in his recent fiction, making them all seem part of some cosmic personality:

> Everywhere was now a part of everywhere else. Russia, America, London, Kashmir. Our lives, our stories, flowed into one another's, were no longer our own, individual, discrete. This unsettled people. There were collisions and explosions. The world was no longer calm.

And again, more than 200 pages later: "Everyone's story was a part of everyone else's."

In *Midnight's Children*, Rushdie wrote stories that flowed into each other; they tempted the reader's imagination with the chimera of a universal human destiny resonating out of particular fates. Everywhere in the novel seemed a part of everywhere else. Now Rushdie seems to perceive reality itself as having been constructed along the lines of *Midnight's Children*. As a result, he no longer seems to be making art. He seems to be writing novels that insistently annotate and reiterate what he believes to be a priori truths about life. It is as if his artistic vanity were too great to accept the fact that the upheaval of his life had no rhyme, reason or large significance, and so he defensively has to make reality look like a function of his creative will.

He does this by overriding reality with a Promethean concept around which he then writes a novel. The concept is often breathtaking, as it was in *Fury*, where Rushdie tried to trace the path of contemporary rage through representative conditions of contemporary life, from depersonalizing celebrity, to the impossible expectations roused by commercial society, to the extravagant betrayals of the spirit by material success. There is something poignant about this writer straining his intellect to compensate for the mysterious retreat of his imagination. Thomas Mann, asked by an admirer to discuss his portrayal of the Enlightenment in *The Magic Mountain*, replied that he had read what he had to in order to write the novel and then forgot all about it. Fiction uses and then burns knowledge and ideas like fuel. At the end of *Fury*, however, and now of *Shalimar the Clown*, you are left with swollen concepts that have sucked the life out of the story.

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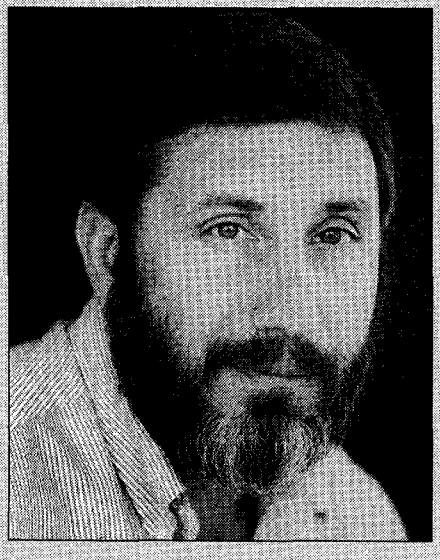

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In 1969, Vietnam veteran Ron Ridenhour wrote a letter to Congress and the Pentagon describing the horrific events at My Lai — the infamous massacre of the Vietnam War — bringing the scandal to the attention of the American public and the world.

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Still, at first glance, you can't help but admire the dazzling, baroquely deployed conceits that frame this novel, set in Kashmir from the 1960s to the present, in Strasbourg and Paris during World War II and in present-day Los Angeles. *Shalimar the Clown* uses the conflict between India and Pakistan over Kashmir to protest nationalism, religious fanaticism and imperialism—the post-*fatwa* Rushdie is taking no chances—and it begins with the assassination of a fictional American counterterrorism chief named Max Ophuls, at the front door of his illegitimate daughter Kashmira's apartment in Los Angeles.

The name Max Ophuls is an ingenious, if precious, stroke. The real Max Ophuls was the famous German-Jewish director whose films dramatized the transience of sentiments, ideals and especially love; his son, Marcel, has made historical documentaries whose obsession with war crimes and the search for justice seem like angry replies to his father's charmingly cynical Old World romances. What's more, Max Ophuls liked to structure his movies around a series of chance encounters that rise to a consequential climax in which the story's random-seeming strands are suddenly connected. In those films, everyone becomes a part of everyone else; everyone's lives, stories, flow into one another's.

After briefly describing Ophuls's murder, *Shalimar the Clown* circles back in time—a favorite narrative technique of the real Max Ophuls—to Kashmir, where a Hindu girl named Boonyi and a Muslim boy named Shalimar fall in love. Shalimar is a clown, an acrobat; Boonyi is a dancer; Shalimar's father, Abdullah Noman, is a famous actor from a town of actors, who—as Kashmir slowly slides toward civil war—are "obliged by necessity to become actor-counterfeits of the magnificoes we once were." In this Kashmir, on the eve of both Hindu and Muslim atrocities, Hindu actors play Muslim characters, and vice versa. Abdullah's most famous play is, in fact, about a Kashmir in which Hindus and Muslims live peacefully side by side.

In *Shalimar*, the true Paradise is art: the cultural harmonies portrayed by Abdullah's troupe; the real Max Ophuls's sense-making; Rushdie's transparent appropriation of Ophuls's art for his own. Trouble in this novel begins when Boonyi uses her performance to seduce Max Ophuls, who at that moment is the married American ambassador to India. Her seduction leads to the birth of an illegitimate daughter raised by Max's estranged wife, Margaret, and to Boonyi's destruction back in Kashmir. Both she and Max mistook the allure of art for a real possibility in life.

Like Marcel Ophuls, Kashmira—Margaret tries to name her India—becomes a documentary filmmaker seeking vindicating facts through all the romance and intrigue of her father's life (he was also a famous French Resistance fighter!). Shalimar, Boonyi's husband, also has come to inhabit the world of facts. Deformed by jealousy and hatred of Max, he trains to become an assassin working for Islamic jihad and swears to someday kill him. After her father's murder, Kashmira herself gives up filmmaking and undergoes a military training of sorts, learning martial arts, archery and how to use a gun. The novel thus turns on a very special article of faith: Since life's naked, literal facts are inherently violent (Kashmira versus Shalimar), only the clement spirit of art (Abdullah's actors et al.) can make possible a fulfilling life. Yet this very conviction is the reason Rushdie no longer seems to be able to write a successful novel. He seems to abhor experience. Art—i.e., Rushdie's identification of his created world with the real world—rather than experience has become the starting point for his fictions.

Having conceived of the novel on such an elevated, abstract plane, Rushdie seems content with his concepts. He appears to want to triumph over the world with his abstractions rather than to come down into the world and contend with its palpable particulars. So impatient is he to get through his story once he's laid down its premises that his style lurches from the sloppily colloquial—"In those days before the crazies got into the act"—to an unnerving flippancy when describing violence—"He was taken outside and rifle butts were applied to his person. The father, B, tried to intervene and he also required vigorous physical attention.... Everyone who could scream or cry was doing so.... Others, less vocally capable, contented themselves with moans." Less vocally capable. Rushdie appears to be so caught up in his highly publicized protests against the world's injustice that he has become indifferent to actual human suffering.

Alas, there is not a single real, intimate moment between characters in this book; not a single scene or situation unfolding according to its inner laws, away from the disheveling hurry of the novel's judgments and opinions; and barely any dialogue. *Shalimar the Clown* is nearly all exposition. Rushdie hastily comments on his characters and their milieus from the outside; he never gives them an inner life out of which they can act and speak for themselves. Even Rushdie's playful antics have descended into boorish attempts at being funny: "The Russian super was as broad of mind as she was of behind."

Max, for example, seems less a character than somebody's ego-ideal: i.e., the construction of a flawless self-image in response to feelings of humiliation and shame. He is a "brilliant storyteller of infinite charm," a "brilliant young economist, lawyer and student of international relations, the master forger of the Resistance, the ace pilot, the Jewish survivor [Rushdie misuses the word "survivor" in this context; Max was never in a camp], the genius of Bretton Woods, the bestselling author, the American ambassador cocooned in the house of power." He is also

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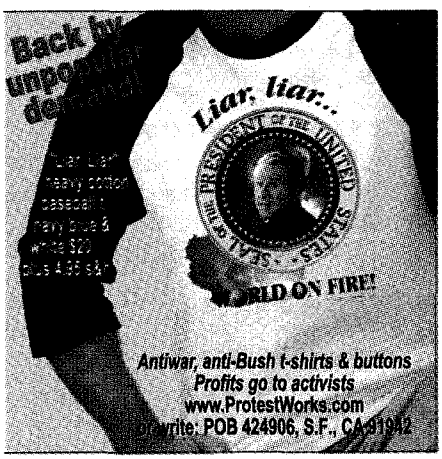

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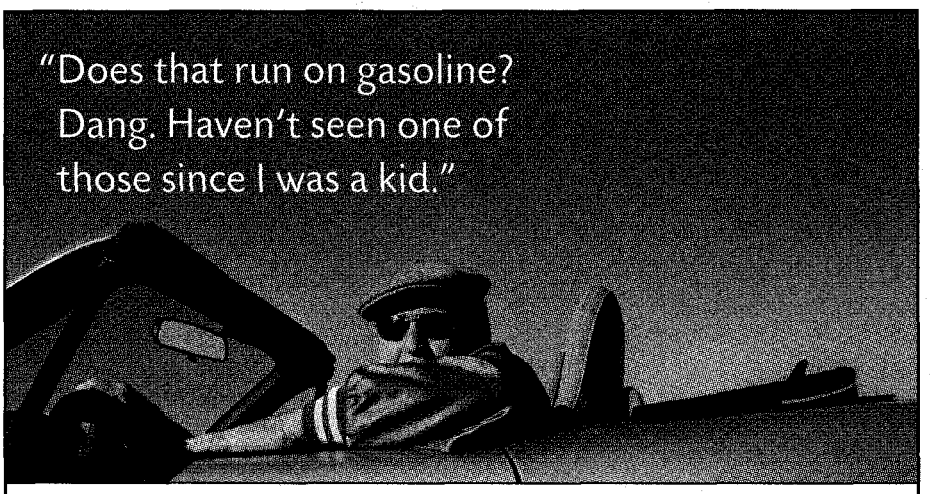
a great lover, a sort of democratic socialist suspicious of American influence abroad and a real charmer. His only flaw is his weakness for women, which Rushdie conventionally portrays as just another part of the hero-genius package. True to one of the novel's two epigraphs—"a plague on both your houses"—Max does become the object of some anguished reflecting on the part of Kashmira:

> She learned, now, of another Max.... Max the occult servant of American geopolitical interest. Invisible Max, on whose invisible hands there might very well be, there almost certainly was, there had to be, didn't there, a quantity of the world's visible and invisible blood...had justice been *done to Max*...?

The impossibly trite, almost cartoon-like sentiments are bad enough. They are also incoherent, given that up until now, as well as immediately following this passage, Rushdie has portrayed Max as a figure of monumental integrity. Kashmira's sudden expression of a certain kind of political piety exists vacuously in this novel alongside "iron" fanatical mullahs, grim Islamist suicide bombers, Hindu victims of Muslim violence, Muslim victims of Hindu violence—all thrown into the story with a mechanical and morally pretentious display of "balance" rather than with real conviction, except for Rushdie's belief that "our lives, our stories, flowed into one another's."

But Rushdie himself apparently doesn't believe that we're all connected, because he portrays some of the people in this novel's world as if they lived on an alien planet. Here is the dialect he puts in the mouth of a Russian immigrant in LA: "Say him yes, my gorgeous. Sure, why not. You will be very happy, ten percent probability minimum, and if not, bah." Perhaps Rushdie's world-historical concepts have stopped up his ear for the way people speak. Here is Mrs. Shanti Dickens (more boorish humor), an Indian housekeeper in London: "Newer min', eh.... Nobody being 'urt, 'at is the mai' thing, hisn't it." And here is Rushdie's evocation of LA, an "everywhere" now part of Kashmir and London:

> [Max] commanded [his driver] to stop the car outside the gates of an embattled high school past which even police cars would fearfully accelerate at certain times of day...until the driver, seeing the weapons emerging from their hiding places, the unsheathed knives like sharks, the unholstered snouts of the handguns, decided without waiting to be told to



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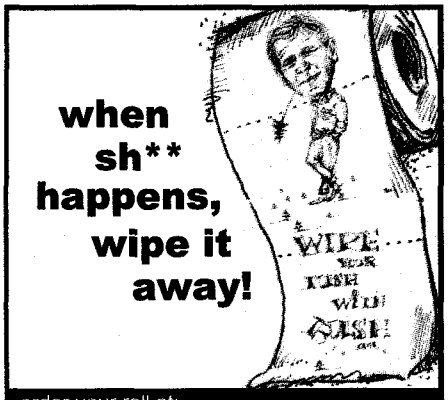

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floor it and get out of there before the bad guys could start up their motorbikes and hunt them down.

Forget the ridiculous caricature of LA. Does Rushdie really believe that the military and terrorist brutalities afflicting Kashmir are the equivalent of the Los Angeles public school system *at its worst*? In that case, maybe all that Kashmir and other "hot spots" need is a few really tough substitute teachers. Along with being a lazy literary shortcut, the conceit that after 9/11's "collisions and explosions" every place and every person resembles every other place and person is a kind of artistic hysteria, a sort of martial law imposed on the imagination. Shalimar the Red Alert.

But so confused is this book beyond its complacent clarities, beyond its easy, all-embracing, platitudinous politics that its story finally undermines its theme. (Even the name "Noman," seemingly heavy with all kinds of significance, drifts through this mess of a novel into a portentous meaninglessness.) By attributing, as Rushdie does, the central violence in Shalimar to jealousy rather than to ideology, he is unwittingly affirming that people's stories are not alike; that whereas ideology funnels diverse thoughts and feelings into a single, pinpoint intensity, experience—for example, the experience of jealousy—shapes each person in a different way. Only tyrants delude themselves into seeing people and places as one undifferentiated mass, to be manipulated at will. Only tyrants, that is, and writers whose egos have been scarred and then inflated by the fury of tyrants. ■

Good Job Hunting

MICHAEL KAZIN

BAIT AND SWITCH: The (Futile) Pursuit of the American Dream.
By Barbara Ehrenreich. Metropolitan. 237 pp. $24.

It's a literary tradition to claim that a quiet desperation is the fate of the white-collar worker. Herman Melville on Bartleby, the unwilling scrivener, C. Wright Mills on the office drones of the 1940s and '50s, and the authors of such recent books as *The Corrosion of Character* (Richard Sennett) and *White Collar Sweatshop* (Jill Andresky Fraser) all describe people whose jobs are superficial and whose status is unstable. The bosses above accumulate the profits and power; the manual workers below at least know they are making or serving products nearly everyone needs. But the salaried masses have only their anxieties and the occasional ambition, usually frustrated, to go into business for themselves.

Now comes Barbara Ehrenreich to probe a deeper level of white-collar pain: men and women who lose or quit their corporate jobs and routinely spend months, even years, trying to find another. *Bait and Switch* is the logical sequel to *Nickel and Dimed*, her revelatory 2001 book about the blue-collar poor. *Nickel and Dimed* is one of the most significant works of social criticism any American leftist has written since the 1960s. With humanity and shrewd wit, Ehrenreich described her stints of voluntary toil in several of "America's least attractive jobs"—from cleaning houses to clerking for Wal-Mart. Without a smidgen of condescension, she confirmed how difficult it is to survive on nonunion wages, demolished the myth of the kinder and gentler workplace and sold a million books—proving that an impressive number of Americans care enough about economic injustice to read a scathing, compelling account of the toll it takes on the class below.

But few of the people who read *Nickel and Dimed* earn their keep with a mop or by stocking shelves, and most live neither in a trailer park nor in a grimy, pay-by-the-week motel. So to explore the lives of "people who were once members in good standing of the middle class," Ehrenreich put together a phony résumé, purchased a few new outfits and began searching for a job in public relations. That goal seemed logical too. After all, Ehrenreich is a veteran journalist and, as she notes, "PR is really journalism's evil twin."

Michael Kazin is the author of A Godly Hero: The Life of William Jennings Bryan, *to be published by Knopf in February. He teaches history at Georgetown University.*

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Unfortunately, she never got to flack for a big corporation or trade rumors with her fellow white-collars by the coffee machine. After struggling for almost a year on the job market, Ehrenreich failed to land a position. By her account, she was "admirably flexible, applying at one point for a job as PR director of the American Diabetes Association and then switching sides and offering myself to Hershey's." But her age and several ominous "gaps" in her made-up career did her in.

She started the job-seeking process by sampling the world of job "coaches" and "networkers," and only made it out in time to write this book. As in every inferno of psychobabble, her experience was at once ludicrous and depressing. Ehrenreich spent time with a coach who used dolls of Elvis and of characters from *The Wizard of Oz* to divine her personality type; another gave her a battery of simple-minded tests and then declared that the results proved her client to be "the *commandant*...a natural leader!" The same peppy coach advised the skeptical Ehrenreich, who is over 60, to cleanse her résumé by lopping two decades off her age and eliminating all references to jobs she held before the 1990s.

These were solitary escapades, but to network with the well-dressed unemployed was to enter a sadder circle of hell. Ehrenreich describes several of the gatherings she attended, which dressed up the age-old clichés of self-reliance in the oddly complementary lingoes of aggression and "spirituality." There was the "boot camp" in Atlanta where a would-be Dr. Phil told the assembled job seekers to "find the one place out there that will nurture and value YOU!" and then chided them for not being team players. There was the PowerPoint obsessive, an Alec Baldwin look-alike "only without the sexual edge" who counseled a band of doleful networkers to think of themselves as being "in transition" instead of out of work. "You're executives here," he told the group, which was supposed to furnish the necessary steel to confront a bank about to foreclose on one's home. And, inevitably, there was a "fellowship lunch" at which the Ten Commandments got passed off as advice for job seekers. Ehrenreich, a confirmed atheist, refrained from challenging her Christian hosts to justify how they could turn the First Commandment ("You shall have no other gods before Me") into an injunction to "show proper respect for authority"—namely, the boss.

Unemployed white-collars signal their despair when they spend hundreds, even thousands, of dollars traveling to and attending such sessions. The organizers secure a steady income for themselves by gulling the unlucky into devoting at least as much time to searching for a job as they would spend actually working at one. As Ehrenreich observes, these con artists manage to reproduce one of "the more regrettable features of employment, like having to follow orders—orders which are in this case self-generated." Fortunately, she's on their case, exposing the cant spewed out by corporate culture, while never forgetting that clever ridicule is always more convincing than righteous rage.

Still, there's something disturbing about how she regards the poor souls she met along the networking trail of tears. Like Mills in his classic study, *White Collar*, Ehrenreich has a hard time empathizing with such people. In *Nickel and Dimed*, she wrote with respect, even affection, about the women with whom she cleaned toilets and peddled blouses. These underpaid but essential workers, she wrote in an exquisite phrase, are "the major philanthropists of our society."

In contrast, Ehrenreich despises the kind of corporate shill she was pretending to want to be. And her loathing tends to rub off on the men and women who desired similar positions for themselves, who equated a secure one with achieving the good life. Ehrenreich also slights the ingenuity required in many PR jobs; in a market society, the selling of images can be as exciting and creative, if not as socially useful, as investigative reporting.

But *Bait and Switch* rarely quotes or describes other job seekers. The few who do emerge from the shadows are bewildered by their plight, unable to perceive that they are wasting their time and money sitting "in windowless rooms while someone—most commonly a white male in his fifties or sixties—stands at the front testifying, preaching, exhorting, or coaching." Ehrenreich would "rather be waitressing."

Why do they sit there suffering? The only answer Ehrenreich offers is that these people swallow the ideology that it's every job hunter for herself. "It explains the winners' success in the most flattering terms while invalidating the complaints of the losers." Job coaches peddle the line that, in the fickle world of the postmodern corporation, only the "relentlessly cheerful, enthusiastic, and obedient" will find secure positions, and the desperate do their best to conform.

But is aggressive individualism so irra-

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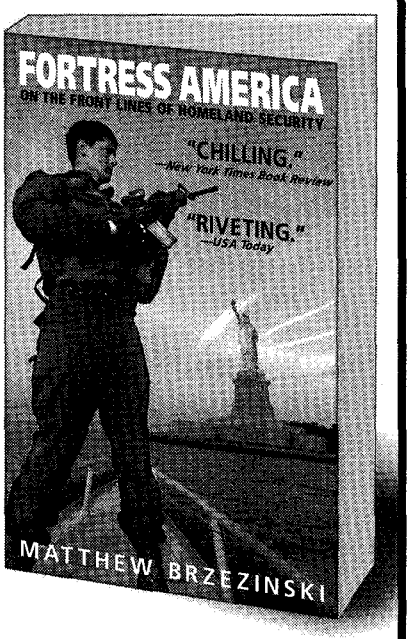

Freedom versus safety.
The battle has raged ever since September 11th. Now, Matthew Brzezinski, one of the few journalists to have penetrated the counter-terror initiative, takes a startling look at what America may sacrifice for security—and the skyrocketing costs involved.

"A fascinating insider look at the Department of Homeland Security."
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tional a belief for those who want to make it in big business? After all, professionals in every field—be it journalism, information technology or PR—are judged by how they perform in competition with their peers. Only for writers as talented as Ehrenreich can railing at the system bring anything but failure.

That cheerless fact is the reason few corporate white-collars are likely to follow her suggestion that they lobby for extended unemployment benefits and universal health insurance. One doesn't have to identify with the boss to see the benefits of spouting the company line, and progressive activists are not common inside the headquarters of the Fortune 500.

The only way to change this reality is to change the goals for which professionals are hired. The black freedom movement created jobs for thousands of civil rights lawyers and affirmative-action officers, and the green upsurge launched new careers for conservationists and environmental policy makers. Until there's a broad revival of the American left, most resisters among the white-collar unemployed will emulate Bartleby's immortal response to his employer: "I would prefer not to." ■

New World Symphony

RUSSELL PLATT

CLASSICAL MUSIC IN AMERICA: A History of Its Rise and Fall.
By Joseph Horowitz. Norton. 606 pp. $39.95.

Classical music in America, we are frequently told, is in its death throes: its orchestras bled dry by expensive guest soloists and greedy musicians unions, its media presence shrinking, its prestige diminished, its educational role ignored, its big record labels dying out or merging into faceless corporate entities. We seem to have too many well-trained musicians in need of work, too many good composers going without commissions, too many concerts to offer an already satiated public.

And yet classical music has proved to be a pretty tough beast. Major orchestras (such as the St. Louis Symphony, which returned to work this year after a two-month lockout) survive as civic institutions; most are too big to fail. The opera business, which half a century ago was virtually controlled by the widely touring Metropolitan Opera, has spread like wildfire across the land: Audiences love the genre's theatricality and verve. We live in a golden age of string quartets. And while the era of singers like Tebaldi, Merrill, Steber, Price, Callas and Tozzi has all but passed, American stages are graced by the likes of Dawn Upshaw, Plácido Domingo, Renée Fleming, Deborah Voigt, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson, Ben Heppner and Susan Graham, not to mention a stable of starry Europeans and South Americans. One could do worse. But there are still serious problems, and Joseph Horowitz's new book is devoted to searching out their origins.

Russell Platt, a composer and critic, is on the staff of The New Yorker.

His is not the only new volume devoted to this often morbid and fascinating subject. There is, for example, Blair Tindall's *Mozart in the Jungle: Sex, Drugs, and Classical Music*, a garishly titled tome that offers both a helping of tabloid-ready tidbits and an analysis of the profession's economic woes. Like Tindall, a musician-journalist, Horowitz has been on the "front lines" of the classical-music war in a number of capacities: as a *New York Times* critic in the late 1970s, an executive administrator at the Brooklyn Academy of Music under the benevolent dictatorship of its inspiring leader, Harvey Lichtenstein, and as a prolific author of books and articles. *Classical Music in America* is the type of book we need more of: bold, beautifully written and rich in challenges and courtesies. It is also annoyingly contradictory, maddeningly overlong and gripped by a nostalgia for a time its author could not have known.

For Horowitz, the 1890s were a paradise—a culture where music, especially new music, mattered more than the musicians who played it, and whose most beloved composer, Antonin Dvorak, was a Czech butcher's son who didn't put on lofty airs and who (unlike most Europeans) thought highly enough of American musical potential that he immigrated here, however briefly, to head up the country's new National Conservatory. The era's heyday came on December 15, 1893, the world premiere of Dvorak's Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"), led by Anton Seidl, a renowned Wagnerian conductor, at Andrew Carnegie's magnificent two-year-old Music Hall in New York. The second movement, "Largo" (so deeply inspired by "Negro" plantation songs that it was eventually turned into an ersatz spiritual), is so immediately poignant that it stops the show. After the performance, the composer is not only showered with applause but is eagerly greeted by the city's music critics who, unlike today, were a vital part of the scene they covered.

But a great schism, Horowitz argues, was about to shatter this perfect world, partially impelled by the anti-German feelings provoked by World War I. Arturo Toscanini, whose exacting standards of musical perfection and political integrity made him both a matchless maestro and a hugely compelling public figure, was packaged by the slick postwar "public relations" industry into a modern god; Toscanini's deification (the subject of an earlier book by Horowitz) reached a climax in the 1940s with the help of David Sarnoff, who gave him a crack NBC Symphony with which to broadcast nationally. The pattern first took hold in the 1920s:

> Toscanini shock was international, but varied according to local need and disposition.... He offered [Americans] living proof that one did not have to be German to understand Beethoven. As significant, he and his New York Philharmonic fostered a new musical priority: performance as an end in itself.
>
> Older priorities shrank accordingly.... Every previous conductor of consequence to Americans...was vitally concerned with introducing new and unfamiliar music. To a degree unprecedented in New York or elsewhere, Toscanini recycled canonized masterworks.

Further consequences foreshadowed the predicament of our own day:

> [Such conductors as] Seidl, Gericke, Nikisch, Muck, Mahler, and (initially) Stokowski were full-time conductors in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.... With their rangy programs, they were educators, alert to the music of the moment. They pursued a mission larger than themselves. Toscanini was a new species: a part-time principal conductor.

Musicians like Jascha Heifetz, Van Cliburn, Vladimir Horowitz and Glenn

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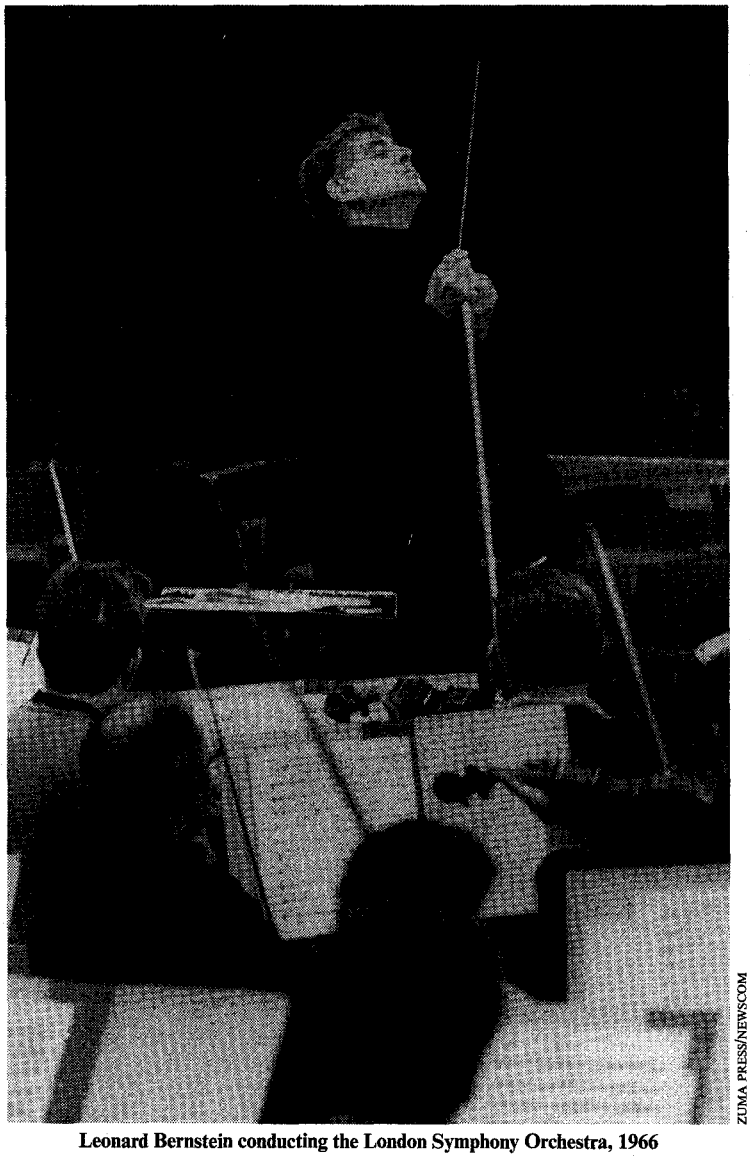
Gould, all of whom lived within carefully crafted publicity bubbles, continued a trend that promoted "the world's greatest soloists" and conductors over the music they performed. As pop music, rock and rap increasingly challenged classical music's prestige, the celebrity cult metastasized into the 1990s phenomenon of the Three Tenors, whose appallingly sloppy but outrageously well-compensated stadium performances—which, by virtue of being marketed as "accessible" and non-elitist, were inoculated against snob criticism—made Toscanini's awesome standards seem less than a memory.



ZUMA PRESS/NEWSCOM

Leonard Bernstein conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, 1966

What makes this absorbing narrative so convincing is Horowitz's gift for storytelling and his flair for the representative anecdote. Consider, for example, his breathtaking chronicle of the career of Arthur Judson. A business class of one who from 1922 to 1935 managed the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic simultaneously and who was pivotal in creating the Columbia Broadcasting System, he rose to become the power behind the throne of an increasingly populist industry; his Columbia Concerts Corporation controlled two-thirds of the country's most successful artists and conductors. Judson's reach was awesome:

> When the Portland [Oregon] Symphony's music director suddenly died in 1925, it was Judson whom the orchestra phoned. He recommended Willem van Hoogstraten; Hoogstraten was hired. It was Judson who recommended Eugene Ormandy to the Minneapolis Symphony, and who recommended Ormandy's successor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, and who recommended Mitropoulos's successor, Antal Dorati, and who recommended Walter Hendl to succeed Dorati in Dallas.... Looking back, Ormandy said of Judson, "I owe everything to him."

Horowitz clearly loves big personalities like Judson and Henry Lee Higginson, who built the Boston Symphony Orchestra from scratch into one of the world's leading orchestras. But behind his enraptured tributes lies a moralistic strand that sours our enjoyment of their creative contradictions. As the pages of history turn, as the big players come and go, Horowitz continually asks the Jesus question: What would Dvorak (or Seidl, or Stokowski) do?

Early in the book, Horowitz contrasts conservative Boston—in the figure of the influential but puritanical critic John Sullivan Dwight—with progressive New York, the stomping ground of such dynamic conductors as Seidl and Theodore Thomas. George Whitefield Chadwick, however, is presented as a more unifying figure. The most frequently performed of late-nineteenth-century Boston composers, he joins in the chorus of faint praise that greets Dvorak's "New World" Symphony at its Boston premiere (some critics were openly racist in their denunciations); like the impeccably professional Amy Beach, Charles Martin Loeffler and others, he is alternately supported and stifled by Boston's genteel culture. But Horowitz praises the "tangy American flavor" of Chadwick's music, proclaiming the composer as "the first American symphonic nationalist" and ceaselessly hyping "Jubilee," a slight if charming overture that owes quite a lot to Dvorak's "Carnival" overture without contributing much of its own.

One could excuse this as a connoisseur's indulgence. But Horowitz cannot forget Chadwick. The composer haunts the pages that follow: Conductor Serge Koussevitzky, composer-critic Virgil Thomson and composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein, all of whom Horowitz admires to varying degrees, are slapped on the wrist for failing to recognize his genius. In his introduction, Horowitz protests that although "I devote more space to Dvorak than Stravinsky, to Toscanini than Furtwängler...[this] does not imply that Dvorak was the greater composer, Toscanini the greater conductor." He wants to focus "on representative people, institutions, and events." The flaw in this approach is that it emphasizes what classical music stands for rather than what it actually is. Chadwick's flaws are lovingly forgiven; he is seen (improbably) as a comrade of Ives and (absurdly) as a precursor to Gershwin—whom Horowitz rightly celebrates, along with Griffes, Varèse and Ruth Crawford Seeger. But great music begins with strong ideas, not good intentions. Barber, who gave us *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, the Violin Concerto and the ubiquitous Piano Sonata, and Copland, who not only wrote *Appalachian Spring*, *Billy the Kid* and all the rest but also mapped out an original, homegrown classical style on which American composers have ceaselessly drawn, are picked apart like flies, treated as secondary figures instead of the hugely influential creators they became.

As we advance more toward the present, Horowitz's concentration on institutions gets entangled with his own biases in an unsettling way: Lincoln Center bad, Brooklyn Academy of Music good. This

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is tendentious on its face. BAM was once a trailblazer, but as Brooklyn has become an interior suburb of Manhattan, BAM has cherished its own conservative tradition: the music of Glass, Reich and Laurie Anderson. Horowitz is of course correct that orchestral performance standards at the Met had sharply declined by the 1960s, and that the synergy promised by grouping the Met, City Opera, the Philharmonic and other companies all on West 65th Street has never been truly fulfilled. But did the new Met look "cheap"? Does James Levine lack "a public personality" and a "highly delineated institutional vision"? Horowitz rightly lauds the work of Valery Gergiev (whom he and Lichtenstein brought to BAM long before the Met grabbed him) but neglects to mention the Russian conductor's shallow technique and lack of discipline. (And did Marian Anderson really make her Met debut in *La forza del destino*?) The innovative programming that Jane Moss has brought to Lincoln Center—and the similar work of the late Judith Arron at Carnegie Hall—goes uncredited.

Horowitz diligently lays out the considerable problems that face American classical music today, and his warnings cannot go unheeded. Yet his verdict that "it would be naïve to deny the greater freshness of the entire enterprise before 1950" is dismal and counterproductive. It may not even be true. He whines that an "average Carnegie Hall season of the 1920's might list recitals by (among many others) Backhaus, Casals, Cortot, Flesch, Gieseking, Hofmann, Hubermann, Landowska, [Vladimir] Horowitz, Szigeti, and Thibaud." It doesn't get much better than that. But if the author picked up his 2004–'05 Carnegie Hall calendar, he could note appearances by Renée Fleming, Ian Bostridge, Richard Goode, Dawn Upshaw, Christian Tetzlaff, Daniel Barenboim, Mitsuko Uchida and a whole series of concerts with Leif Ove Andsnes—not to mention a parade of magnificent orchestras and chamber groups. The pianist Gary Graffman has recalled that when he was growing up during the so-called "golden age," Carnegie never sold out unless a Horowitz, a Heifetz or a Rubinstein was onstage.

Imprisoned in a marketing culture, we all expect too much. Horowitz wants to point the way to a vital future, and he is right to instill in us a proper sense of shame. But his visions are haunted by ghosts. ■

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CINCINNATI *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets regularly. Call Judith or Herbert Shapiro at (513) 861-4641.

EASTERN OKLAHOMA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP looking for members. Please contact Howard Kelley at (918) 627-9136.

POLICY

END THE DRUG WAR. See www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org, www.DrugWarFacts.org, www.DRCNet.org, www.MedicalMJ.org, www.DrugSense.org, www.AddictInTheFamily.org.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

LAWYER. The Northwest Constitutional Rights Center, a project of the National Lawyers Guild (www.nlg.org), seeks a full-time litigation and outreach director. Applicant must be a member of Oregon Bar with interest and experience in civil rights litigation and the drive to build a nonprofit watchdog. Duties include intake, case management, media relations and office management. Progressive credentials and history a must. Includes great benefits. Salary 30–40k depending upon experience. Send cover letter, résumé and writing sample to: Alan Graf, 1020 SW Taylor, Suite 230, Portland, OR 97205. Or e-mail to peopleslawyer@qwest.net. See www.nwcrc.org for details about organization. No calls, please.

ORGANIZING COORDINATORS NEEDED in California for health-care union. Experience leading organizers in campaigns required. Send résumé: recruiter@seiu-uhw.org.

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

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CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST, twenty-two years experience. Specializing in issues including depression, anxiety, relationships and the concerns of artists, academics and students. Sliding scale, insurance accepted. Deborah Hellerstein, LCSW, (312) 409-9516.

SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHOTHERAPIST treats depression, relationship issues, anxiety, crises, post-trauma. Consultation available. Sliding scale. Paula Holt, LCSW, (415) 289-6990.

WOMAN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST, twenty-five years' experience. Insight-oriented and analytic. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Mutually agreed-upon fees. Insurance accepted. Carnegie Hall vicinity. Margaret Kinder, PhD, (212) 582-5508.

NEW YORK THERAPIST, twenty years' clinical and university-based experience. Separation and divorced parenting; divorced fathers. Individual, family and couples. Bill Dineen, LCSW, (917) 566-4785.

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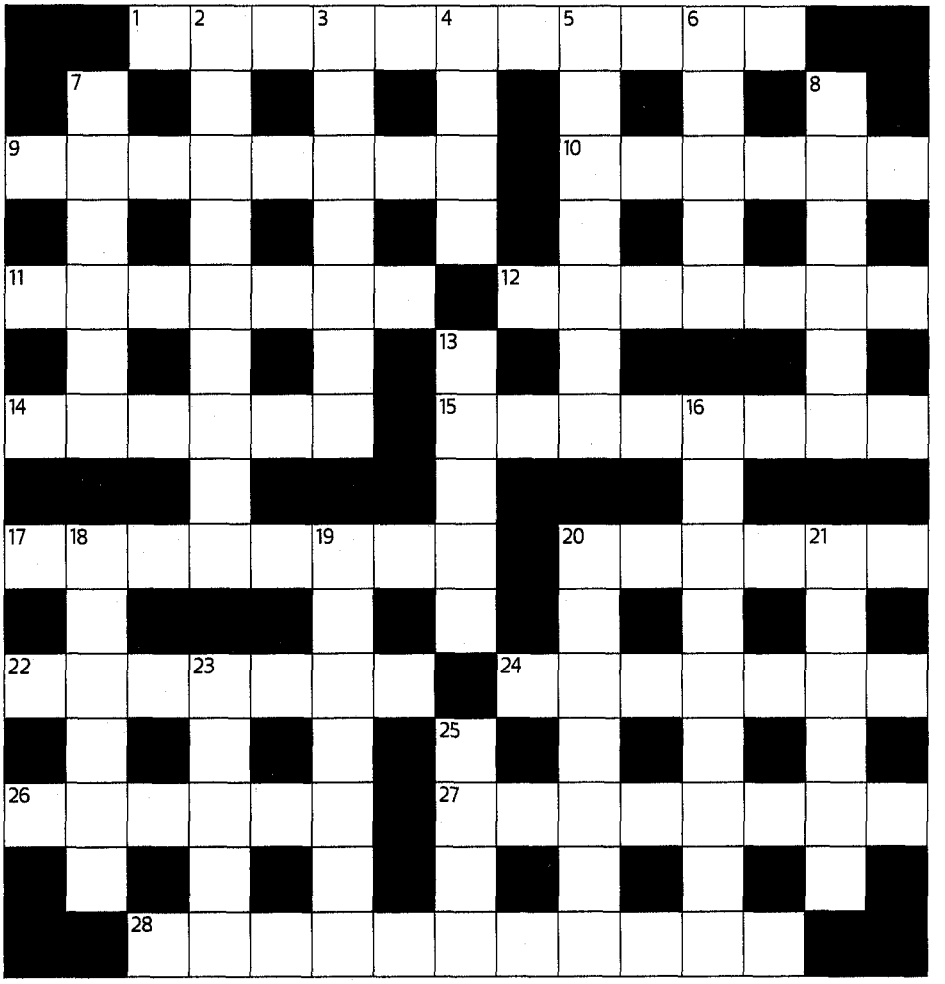

ACROSS

1 This might fasten what someone may tell you, if impatient, to keep on—however not backward. (5,6)

9 Perhaps thrown by a critic, outdated for a true friend—a night flyer. (5-3)

10 A slippery one (perhaps a Commie) danced, but was a bit wobbly. (6)

11 Flits about with the study concerning an important purchase. (7)

12 In a state of nudity, has a look at the place that got a shuffle some time ago. (7)

14 Where to find willows and wild roses about one. (6)

15 Nonbelievers possibly pick sets of the letters. (8)

17 Kept hidden, being fairly near to Senator Kennedy. (8)

20 With which one buys things on time to make a direct transfer. (6)

22 A very small bit that has your head as a source of melancholy, which Robert Burton wrote about. (7)

24 Rather menacing description of a lot of hay, with a not-quite-full load. (7)

26 Thus an African country accommodates an inhabitant of another African country. (6)

27 To envelop the comeback of transportation inside, one gets warmly hugged. (8)

28 A Chaplin classic for example, ancient when given the bird around it. (3,4,4)

DOWN

2 People like young Finn get the rest confused with peddlers. (9)

3 and **19** What one wears in the rain, pounding things down and giving an automatic OK. (6-8)

4 and **25** One of Queen Mary's husbands proves that the two were very healthy. (8)

5 and **20** Not a place where you would want to lose a fingernail. (7,7)

6 and **16** An indefinite time for accomplishment, but it's better than "one of those days"! (3,2,5,4)

7 Stared awfully at what some tight-fisted drivers look at optimistically. (6)

8 An essayist, poet and satirist's corny leftover rises around the wing. Is his first name very funny? Not really. (6)

13 A group of players with something intended just for the audience. (5)

16 See 6

18 An American writer in England? (6)

19 See 3

20 See 5

21 Got used to things in possibly rude fashion. (6)

23 What Shakespeare's purse was supposed to contain, he warned robbers. (5)

25 See 4

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3002

	E	X	C	E	P	T	I	O	N	A	L	L	Y	
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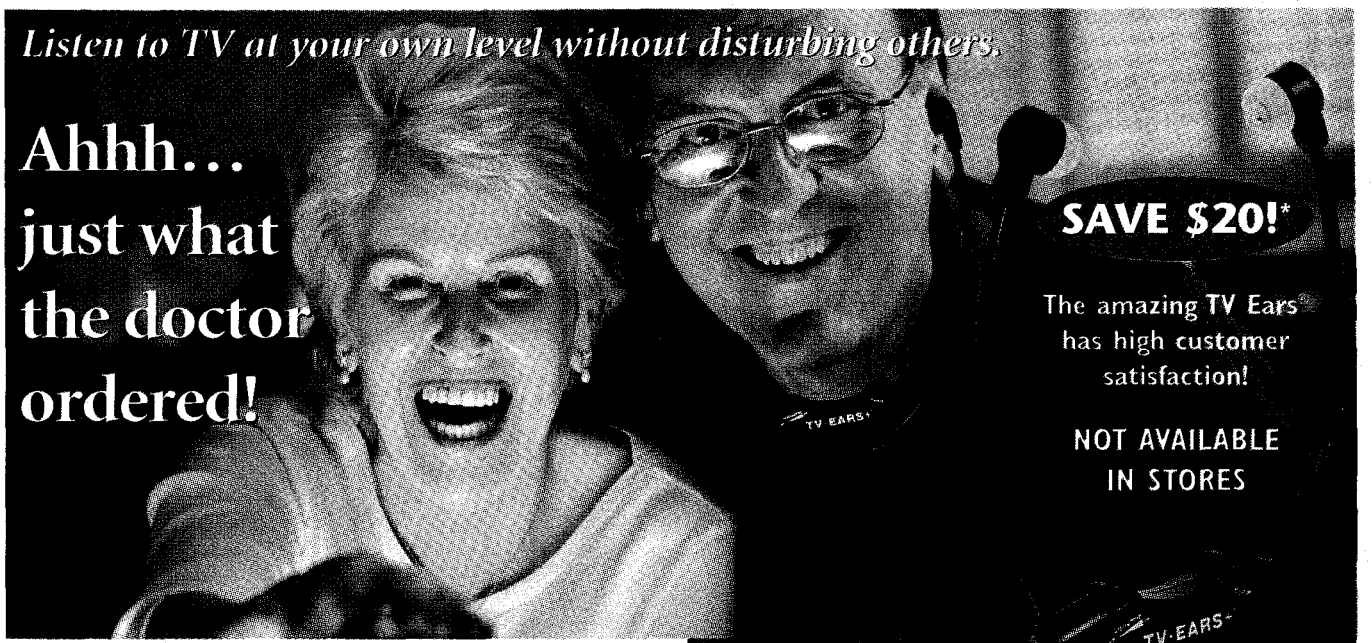

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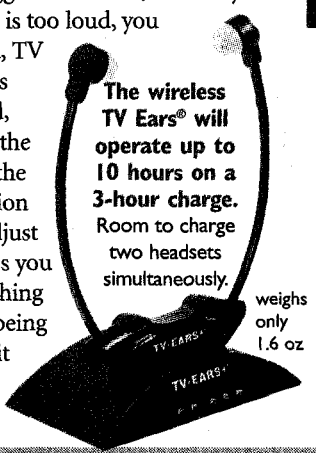

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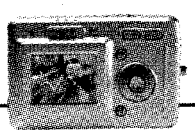
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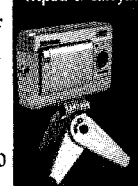

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